



No. 550.—VOL. XLIII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1903.

SIXPENCE.



"PHIL."

PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR "THE SKETCH" IN MARCH OF LAST YEAR.

(See also Pages 110, 111, and 113).



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



WITH the passing of Phil May, the world of Art has lost the master of black-and-white work, the world of Bohemia as gentle and sweet-natured a fellow as ever drew breath. Poor Phil! He came to us so simply, so trustingly, his imagination aglow with the comedy and tragedy of life, his eyes alight with the joy of living and the love of his fellow-man. And some there were who respected his simplicity, fostering his genius and striving their utmost to keep the curs, that hungry pack, at bay. But the curs won the day, after all, and the brilliant career has come to a premature close. "I would give ten years of my life to have had his talent!" So spoke one of his colleagues on *Punch*—perhaps the man most nearly in Phil's line—the very night when the sad news was known. And that tribute, mind you, was not based upon mere sentimentality. Every black-and-white artist of my acquaintance frankly and willingly concedes the first place to Phil May. His best work, they agree, was never done. He might have achieved anything. But the world was too strong, too selfish, for him. For months, even years, the dark shadows have been creeping nearer, and now, at last, the tragi-comedy is over.

The Memoir of the artist that appears on page 113 is from the pen of Mr. Arthur Goddard, the first London Editor to avail himself of Phil May's genius. Mr. Goddard, who now controls the *Lady's Pictorial*, was then editing *Society*, the journal in which the cartoon reproduced with the Memoir originally appeared.

With the exception of "Heard Through the Telephone," I think "The Soothing System," Mr. Arthur Bouchier's adaptation of Edgar Allan Poe's madhouse story, is the most revolting play I have ever seen. In point of art, indeed, it is far inferior to "Heard Through the Telephone," for that study in morbidity was, at any rate, convincing. "The Soothing System" is crude to a degree; the lunatics are not lunatics, the warders are not warders, and the asylum is not an asylum. For all that, however, the play is revolting, inasmuch as Mr. Bouchier has deliberately employed the terrible affliction of insanity as a medium for theatrical entertainment. I am quite willing to admit that the actor-manager's individual performance, more particularly in the earlier part of the play, is an exceedingly clever, powerful piece of work. So far, he has justified his selection of the painful theme, but nothing could atone for the gibbering, penny-gaff presentments of the lunatics. On the night of the production, some of the audience laughed, some went out, and some looked bored. I was among the bored ones, reserving my laughter for the following day. At the time, to speak frankly, I was too disgusted to laugh. My sympathies were with the unfortunate people who had come to see a dainty play, and found themselves face to face with this shocking curtain-raiser.

And that brings me to a problem that has been puzzling me for some time. Why is it always considered necessary to provide a curtain-raiser in sharp contrast to the main feature of the programme? When people go to the theatre for the express purpose of laughing, why must they be compelled to preface their amusement with tears? In the case of "The Soothing System," it is worse than that, for the atmosphere of the madhouse is floating about the stage all through "The Bishop's Move." The shrieks of the maniacs mingle with the sweet strains of the organ; the peaceful countenance of the dear old Bishop recalls the distorted features of the mad doctor. And this state of things is the more deplorable for the reason that "The Bishop's Move" is so delightful, so charming a play. I missed the piece on the first production, and afterwards, thanks to some of the critics in

whom I was foolish enough to put my trust, I stayed away in order to avoid a dull evening. Never will I make a similar mistake. So far from being dull, "The Bishop's Move" is wholly delightful. Mr. Bouchier's own performance is infinitely superior to anything I have ever seen him do, and the rest of the Company realise the gentle, summer-day humour of the comedy to perfection.

Another play that delighted me, and that despite the disapproval of our own Mr. "E. F. S.," was "Em'ly," the new stage-version of "David Copperfield" now being played at the Adelphi. My colleague, who has set forth his opinions in forcible terms on page 122 of this issue, declares that "the story is hardly intelligible to those who have not read the book." Well, it would be rather difficult, I suppose, to find any person of average education who had not read "David Copperfield," but it may interest "E. F. S." to learn that a friend of mine who went with me to see the play, and who admitted that he had forgotten the plot of the story entirely, followed the Adelphi version with perfect ease and enjoyed it thoroughly. Again, my colleague asserts that "only two or three of the characters as presented at the Adelphi would be recognised, and they would seem caricatures." I can only say that, to me, the Peggotty of Mr. Charles Cartwright and the Uriah Heep of Mr. Robb Harwood were absolutely convincing and satisfying. I have read "David Copperfield" twice, and I never hope to see these two characters better played.

As for the other parts, Mr. Frank Cooper as Ham was a shade too theatrical, Mr. Ben Webster made Steerforth rather too smiling a personage, and Mr. Harry Nicholls hardly realised the mellow geniality of Micawber. But none of these representations, in my opinion, could justly be set down as caricatures. Miss Nancy Price, again, made an admirable Rosa Dartle, Miss Bessie Harrison and Miss Caroline Ewell were quite good in the parts of Clara Peggotty and Mrs. Gummidge, Miss May Munden gave a clever sketch of Martha, and Miss Agnes Thomas was a capital Betsy Trotwood. Thus may opinions differ. The only explanation of the matter that occurs to me—for, as a rule, I find my colleague an admirable guide in matters theatrical—lies in the fact that he saw the play on the first-night, whilst I put off my visit until several evenings later. The audience, I should like to record, were quite of my opinion, and applauded the players, particularly Mr. Cartwright, with positive enthusiasm. I strongly advise all those who care for sound domestic drama to pay a visit to "Em'ly" at the Adelphi.

With the return of the fine weather—Heaven grant that the sun be shining when these lines come before the eyes of my readers!—the Earl's Court Exhibition has again become the most popular pleasure-resort in London. With all due respect to Mr. Kiralfy, however, I scarcely think that the lurid display in the Empress Theatre is the main feature of attraction. The majority of people, I imagine, go to Earl's Court to hear the bands, to criticise each other, and breathe the fresh air. It is true that, in odd nooks and corners, one may come across weird specimens of old-fashioned fire-engines. Far more interesting than these relics, however, are the up-to-date exhibits that strut, and stalk, and prance round the band-stand in the Western Gardens. Or, if you tire of such, it is possible to wander idly along those shady, winding paths where the Phyllises and Corydons of West Kensington are holding each other's hands and gazing at the painted foliage that screens the switchback from the Metropolitan Railway. And all the while, over the heads of the lovers, the Big Wheel is silently revolving, bearing with it a precious load of ecstatic humanity and advertising an infantile panacea in the shape of a patent milk.

A POSTHUMOUS DRAWING BY PHIL MAY.



THE RETORT PUNGENT.

DAY-TRIPPER (*patronisingly*): Business pretty good, my man?

MR. WILLIAM LONGSHORE: Noa, that 'tain't! We don't get no gentlefolks down 'ere these days.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Canterbury Cricket Week—The Balls in the Music Hall—The Old Stagers' Epilogue.

FROM green waves to green fields, from one pitch to another. I have deserted the deck of a yacht for the time being, and last week enjoyed the sunshine amidst pleasant surroundings on the St. Lawrence cricket-field at Canterbury. A week or two ago I held up the Henley Regatta as one of the few things that we still do better than our neighbours. I might have included in my little list our English cricket-weeks, for they are made quite exceptionally merry occasions for a great gathering and for much hospitality. Scarborough in the North and Canterbury in the South are the two cricket-weeks which, I take it, are greater Society functions than any of the others, though the Tunbridge Wells week in the South is beginning to run the older-established gathering hard for supremacy.

Canterbury has a picturesque ground, which gives it an advantage over its rivals, and there are few prettier sights than St. Lawrence's on a Thursday, the ladies' day, if only the weather is fine, as it was this year. The great trees throw broad patches of shade here and there and make a fine background to the flags which distinguish the tents. Canterbury is the cricket-week above all others for Clubmen, for half a score of Clubs have tents in the half-ring of canvas which covers precious ground, every inch of which is portioned out and is yearly applied for twice over by people who are relegated to the second line but who hope for promotion. From a great flag-post of orange, red, and black floats the flag of the Zingari, and their Club-tent nestles in a position all its own next to the County stand. On another tent the flags are light blue and black, the colours of "The Band of Brothers"—a Club of which no man can become a member unless he is connected with the county of Kent, besides being considered to be eminently clubbable by the members. Their ribbons and their coats with gilt buttons give a pleasant touch of brightness to male evening-dress at the two balls during the week. The East Kent Club and one or two of the town Clubs have tents on the ground; the Mayor, now most worthily knighted, and the Cavalry Dépôt and the "Bufs" have their marquees, and the remainder of the tents are occupied by the county notables, who generally bring over every day to the ground their house-parties. Two military bands play on the ground, and the uniforms of the garrison, reinforced by soldier detachments over for the day from Dover and Shorncliffe, add to the bright colour of the gathering.

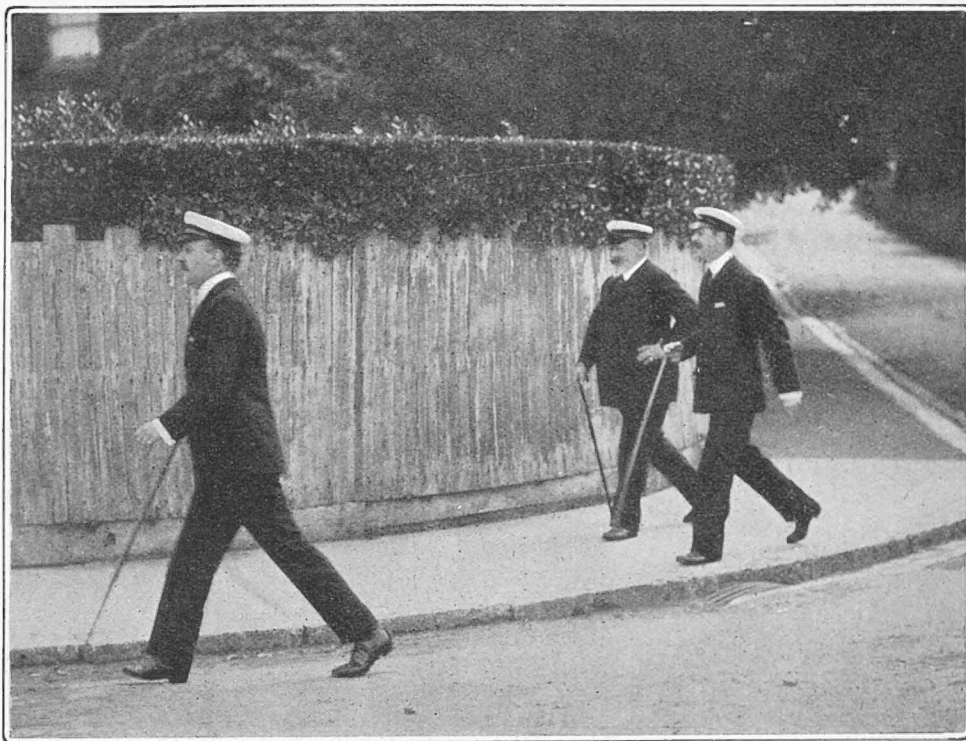
For this one week, and this one week only, the Cathedral City wakes up from its grey slumber, and the nights are as merry as the

day. On one of the nights on which the balls are held, any stranger coming into Canterbury after midnight would be surprised, if the night were fine, to find in the quiet High Street bareheaded young men, in evening-dress and "B.B." or "I.Z." ribbons, sauntering along, conversing with young ladies in ball-costumes. The explanation of this startling phenomenon is simple enough. The Music Hall in which the dances are held has a fine dancing-room and a supper-room, but the "Kala-juggas" (the sitting-out places) are few in number, and after every dance the couples roam about the quiet streets until they judge it time for the next dance to commence. In Canterbury you do not ask a lady to "sit out" a dance; you suggest that you and she should "walk it out" together. Tucked away in a corner of the

city walls is a little park, the Dane John, and this is during the week converted into a pleasure-ground arcaded with coloured lamps, and there a band makes music for promenaders. Two concert-parties perform, each having its own especial meadow for an auditorium, and the theatre is given over for the week to the Old Stagers, the well-known Amateur Club which is gradually climbing up from its sixtieth year of existence towards the seventies. "Pilkerton's Peerage" and "Our Flat" were the performances of the week, and each was played quite up to the Old Stagers' high-water mark, which is a very high one.

The Canterbury Epilogue, which is given on the Friday night after the performance, is a special feature of the week, and the theatre is always crowded on the evening it is played. Whatever the subject of the Epilogue may be, the ending is always the same, for the Spirits of the "I.Z." of Kent, and of the Old Stagers each appear with attendant banner-bearers, each heralded by her own particular march from the orchestra, and each speaks some appropriate verses. The main body of the Epilogue this year consisted of a travesty of "The Worst Woman in London," and in it Priscilla Danejohn, "the best woman in Canterbury," studying the "Inside Brit." in order that she might make a fortune and marry a cricketer, went to sleep and dreamed that she murdered Lord Pilkerton in order to obtain

the answers by which he had acquired his fabulous wealth. Incidentally, she murdered several other characters, including a dramatic critic. The lines spoken by the Spirit of the Old Stagers this year had a special significance, for no one knows whether the little Canterbury theatre will be open this time next year. The city authorities require certain alterations to be made in it, and it is uncertain whether the landlord will find it worth his while to spend much money on the house. If the present theatre disappears and another arises on its site, it will be the third theatre in which the Old Stagers have played, for they first commenced their performances in a barn-like little house compared with which the present edifice is a palace. If Canterbury were closed to them, no doubt the Old Stagers would find another home, but it would be a thousand pities if the Canterbury Week and the Old Stagers parted company.



THE KING AT COWES: AN EARLY-MORNING WALK.



THE KING AT COWES: HIS MAJESTY ACTS AS COXSWAIN.

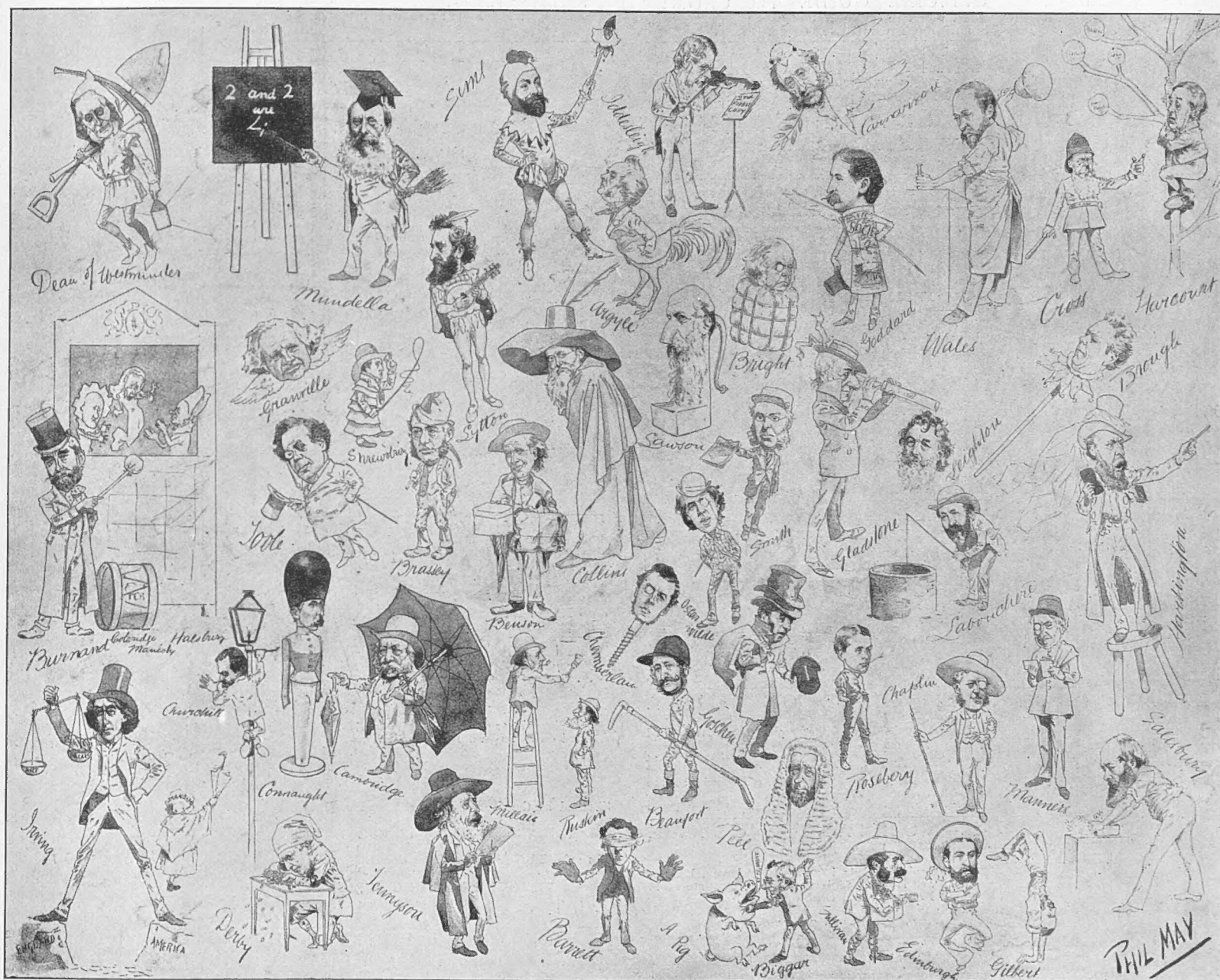
Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

PHIL MAY: A MEMOIR.

BY HIS FIRST LONDON EDITOR.

ARTIST of artists, Bohemian of Bohemians, Phil May, whose death at the all-too-early age of thirty-nine, and to the sincere regret of everyone who knew him, took place on Wednesday last, was a genius born somewhat out of due time. He belonged, by temperament, to the Quartier Latin of Henri Mürger, yet not even twentieth-century "smartness" or the much-maligned atmosphere, material and artistic, of modern London could kill the broad humanity and the whimsical humour, or dim the fire of genius to which we owe an interminable gallery of genial caricatures, often instinct with the generous sympathy of a John Leech. Street-arab, loafer, *gamin*,

seen that scores of people of the period are genially caricatured: the worlds of politics, science, art, music, literature and journalism, the stage, the Church, all find representatives, and the touch of caricature gives piquancy to what are also admirable portraits. Alas that the brilliant artist, like so many of his subjects, has now passed away! Following these cartoons came a spell of work in Australia, and, on his return to England, a clever but more caustic series, which was published in the *St. Stephen's Review*, and then an endless array of work of the most varied kind, but all invested with that individuality and distinction which only genius can give. The crown



PHIL MAY'S FIRST SOCIAL CARICATURE, PUBLISHED IN THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "SOCIETY," 1885.

'Arriet and 'Arry, the pathetically humorous men and women of mean streets, the curious denizens of Bohemia, the people whose habitat is the world of sport or the *coulisses* of the theatre, quaint Dutch folk, specimens of French vivacity, German stolidity, Italian flamboyance, men, women, and children of any nationality, appealed with equal force to his cosmopolitan temperament and were portrayed with equal facility by his inimitable pencil.

Phil May was a Yorkshireman, and his first sketches were of actors and actresses at the Spa Theatre, Scarborough, and the Grand Theatre, Leeds, where he perpetrated immature but promising caricatures and sold them for a few shillings each. Coming to London, still quite a lad, in the early 'eighties, he drew two admirable cartoons for the then "sixpenny" *Society* (one of which we reproduce). It will be

of his career came in his election to the staff of *Punch*, but by that time his work was world-known and his name a household word. Phil May took endless pains with his drawings, but his was the *ars celare artem*, and no one looking at the daring and sparing lines with which he obtained his effects would have given him credit for the care bestowed upon the process of elimination by which he eventually obtained a vivid picture with a minimum of material.

Kind-hearted, open-handed, sympathetic, and humorous, Phil May the man made many friends who regret sincerely his untimely death. Phil May the artist will be regretted, too, by thousands who only knew him through his work. Happily, "Art is long," though Life is fleeting, and his name and fame will endure with those of John Leech, Charles Keene, George Cruikshank, and Hablôt K. Browne.

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Details of Superintendent of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

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+CHARING CROSS ...	11 45	HASTINGS ...	11 5
	10 40	TUNBRIDGE WELLS ...	11 17
	11 4	(Changing at Tonbridge)	
WATERLOO ...	10 43	BRIGHTON ...	9 30
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	11 48	EASTBOURNE ...	10 5
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EAST CROYDON ...	10 20		1 5
RED HILL ...	10 48	FOLKESTONE JUNCTION ...	12 30
EDENBRIDGE ...	11 6		2 15
PENSHURST ...	11 15	FOLKESTONE CENTRAL ...	12 34
TONBRIDGE ...	11 25		1 17
CHATHAM (Main Line) ...	10 40		2 17
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(St. Pancras) ... dep.	5 15	9 30	9 35	11 30	11 35	1 30	7 30	8 30	9 30	9 30	12 0
LEICESTER ...	7 20	11 28	11 28	1 30	1 30	3 27	8 54	10 30	10 35	10 35	2 0
NOTTINGHAM ...	7 35	11 52	12 0	1 0	2 2	2 51	9 19	9 19	12 0	12 0	2 0
SHEFFIELD ...	9 0	12 13	1 3	2 5	2 12	4 2	9 32	11 49	12 35	12 35	1 58
LEEDS ...	10 0	1 28	1 28	3 28	3 28	5 33	11 23	12 42	1 50	2 0	4 5
BRADFORD ...	9 42	12 50	1 20	2 40	2 40	5 5	10 0	10 50	1 20	1 20	2 5
LIVERPOOL (Exc.) ...	9 30	12 35	12 35	2 20	2 20	4 45	12 45	12 45	...
MANCHESTER (Vic.) ...	9 35	12 30	12 30	2 25	2 25	4 30	12 50	12 50	...
CARLISLE ... arr.	12 35	3 45	4 5	5 50	6 0	7 55	1 30	2 55	4 15	4 30	6 25
STRANRAER (for Bel-											
fast and the North											
of Ireland) ...	5 32	...	7D25	10D46	5D47	12C8
AYR ...	3 54	...	6 51	8 41	...	10 43	...	5 51	...	7B28	9 25
GLASGOW (St. Enoch)	3 20	...	6 35	8 25	...	10 20	...	6 10	...	7B 5	9 0
GREENOCK (for Clyde											
Watering Places)	4 37	...	8 2	9 52	...	12 5	...	7 26	...	8 42	10 20
EDINBURGH (Wav.) ...	3 30	6 5	8 35	10 25	3 50	...	6 45	...	12C5
OBAN ...	9 5	4 45	8 45	...	11C55	...	6C30
FORT WILLIAM ...	9 38	9 43	...	12C28
MALLAIG	11 32	...	7F30
PERTH ...	6 20	7 52	10 36	...	5 5	...	8 55	...	3C 5
DUNDEE ...	6 15	8 10	10 51	...	5 28	...	9B5	...	3C37
ABERDEEN ...	8 40	10 5	12 50	...	7 20	...	11B10	...	6C 0
INVERNESS	12 10	5C10	...	9 10	...	1 50	...	8C35

A—Saturday nights excepted. B—Arrives later on Sundays. C—Sundays excepted.

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GOSSEN

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING is certainly indefatigable both as a worker and as a traveller. Returning to London in mid-August in order to hold a Privy Council, His Majesty also made a point of being present at the christening of his eighth grandchild, the infant son of the Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark. After his stay at Marienbad and his visit to Vienna, the King will return in time to spend Doncaster Week at Rufford Abbey as the

guest of Lord and Lady Savile. Then will probably follow some weeks spent in the healthy, calm altitudes of Balmoral. It is scarcely necessary to state that there is not a word of truth in the many rumours which have been rife of late concerning the Sovereign's health. The King, according to those who have every opportunity of judging, is in remarkably sound health, and, indeed, looks very much better than he did before his Accession.

The King in Austria.

The sojourn of Edward VII. at Marienbad will be broken by what is certain to prove a peculiarly agreeable visit to Vienna, where the King of England will receive an enthusiastic welcome from the inhabitants of that beautiful city. The venerable Emperor Franz Josef has always cherished the kindest feelings for our nation. He was on terms of affectionate intimacy with Queen Victoria, and has known the brother Sovereign whom he hopes to welcome soon from childhood. It is thought that during his stay at Vienna the King will occupy a fine suite of apartments at Schönbrunn, the lovely little Palace which was the favourite home of Marie Antoinette, and with which British playgoers are familiar through the first scene of "L'Aiglon." This will not be His Majesty's first visit to Bohemia; as Prince of Wales he made a cure at Marienbad. The famous watering-place is far quieter than Homburg and the cure is much stricter.

An Irish Peeress.

The Marchioness of Waterford is in a double sense an Irish Peeress. She was, before her marriage, Lady Blanche Fitzmaurice, and, through her mother, Lady Lansdowne, she is a grand-daughter of the Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn. Lady Waterford bears a name honoured in Ireland; both her aunt-mother-in-law and that lady's predecessor, the famous Lady Waterford who was, according to Ruskin, the greatest amateur artist the world has ever known, were much beloved in the neighbourhood of Curraghmore. Lord Waterford is a typical Irishman and has many of the dashing qualities for which the Beresfords are famed. He and his young wife are never happier than when living at Curraghmore, and comparatively recently their happiness was made perfect by the birth, after that of two little daughters, of an infant son and heir.

The Motor-car Bill. A remarkable outburst of feeling against the motor "scorcher," or "road hog," took place in the House of Commons on the occasion of the second reading of the Motor-car Bill. The Government were compelled to make concessions. After declaring over and over again in the House of Lords that a test of efficiency was impracticable, they consented in the Lower House to impose this test on all drivers. Then they were pressed very hard by members on both sides—by champions of the public and by friends of the horse—to re-impose a speed-limit, and, after swearing he would ne'er consent, Mr. Walter Long

consented to deal anew with the subject. Feeling is so sensitive that, if the motor trade is not to be hampered, its leaders must do their best to suppress the "hog."

Mr. "Bobby" Spencer's Confession.

Mr. "Bobby" Spencer owes Parliamentary fame to the declaration that he is not an agricultural labourer. Last week, in the House of Commons, he made an equally remarkable announcement. "I am not," he said, "in command of a Volunteer regiment." To this statement he gave utterance on the Army Estimates. Members smiled as they looked at Mr. Spencer's slight, boyish, dainty figure.

Lords and the Irish.

Mr. George Wyndham is really irresistible. Not only has he carried a great Land Bill for Ireland through the House of Commons, but he has induced the Peers to assent to it. As he reclined on the steps of the throne during the second reading, he must have felt very pleased with himself. Even Mr. Willie Redmond, sitting in the Gallery, may have found virtue in the Lords. They acquiesced in the social revolution proposed by the Bill with a cordiality and a graciousness rare in the annals of the House.



THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD WITH HER INFANT SON AND HEIR, THE EARL OF TYRONE, AND HER ELDEST DAUGHTER, LADY BLANCHE BERESFORD.

Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

A Prolific Novelist. As Ibsen once acutely wrote, "The younger generation is knocking at the door." Mr. Guy Boothby, the brilliant young Australian novelist, is, perhaps, the most striking example of a sudden leap into popular favour, for during the last nine years he has published not far short of thirty books, and extraordinary stories are told in literary Bohemia concerning his rapidity of production and his powers of invention. He had an adventurous and interesting career long before he wrote "On the Wallaby," for he was only twenty-four when he crossed Australia from North to South, and undoubtedly his love of personal adventure has stood him in good literary stead. When away from his phonograph, his typewriter, and his secretaries, Mr. Boothby throws himself whole-heartedly into country-house pursuits. He is a fearless horseman, a clever driver, and, of late, a motorist; his particular hobby is the collection of live fish, and he has spent large sums in procuring specimens of these cold-blooded pets. He is also a dog-fancier of no mean success.

Lord Inverclyde. North of the Tweed the name of Lord Inverclyde is one to conjure with, for he is the Chairman of that mighty shipping world within a world, the Cunard Steamship Company. His famous grandfather, Sir George Burns, who died quite

love, especially in these hard times, namely, a real buyer of modern pictures. Mr. Forbes is a "character," a man of strong individuality, who has known how to extract a good deal of honey out of his various Companies. Few men, in the opinion of the City, are so good at managing a meeting of restive shareholders, and kind critics do say that Mr. Forbes is equally good at managing railways. He is undoubtedly, if we consider his years and his vigour, a most remarkable man of business. One thing more. He has had a good deal to do with telephones in his time, but it does not seem to have spoiled his temper.

Popular "R. J." The Rev. R. J. Campbell, who has lately been given the great honour of being asked to succeed Dr. Parker at the City Temple, is singularly unlike the remarkable man whom he has succeeded. He first made a mark in Brighton, where for some mysterious reason he was universally known among his huge congregation as "R. J." In the fashionable watering-place he held much the same position as did another Nonconformist light, the late Frederick Robertson. Of course, his gift of eloquence has placed him where he now is; but he is also a deep thinker and a successful writer, even something of a journalist—for some years past he has contributed a weekly column to the *British Weekly*. The new Pastor



NOVEL-MAKING UP-TO-DATE: MR. GUY BOOTHBY AT WORK.

Photograph by Fall, Baker Street, W.

recently, when close on a hundred, was actually a grown-up man when Waterloo was fought, and was the only man who has ever been made a Baronet at the age of ninety-four. Quite as remarkable in his own way was the present Lord Inverclyde's father, still better remembered as "J. B." on the Clyde. He was one of the most enthusiastic members of the "R. Y. S." He may be said to have created Castle Wemyss, the splendid place which is the principal landmark on the Clyde Estuary, and which is dear to mid-Victorian novel-readers as having been the place described so vividly by Trollope as Portray Castle in "Lady Eustace's Diamonds," and even more as having been the place where much of "Barchester Towers" was written. Lord and Lady Inverclyde both take a great interest in Glasgow, its business, its charities, and its general development. There are few Peers who work so really hard as does the head of the great Cunard Line. Like his father and grandfather before him, it is his pride that he carries on his arduous existence on only six hours' sleep.

A Railway Magnate and Connoisseur. Mr. James Staats Forbes, Chairman of the London, Chatham, and Dover, Metropolitan District, and the Hull and Barnsley Railways, is a man who combines the prose of railway enterprise with the poetry of art. In truth, he is the sort of man artists

of the City Temple is married and the happy father of a pretty little girl. He is a Passive Resister, but it was noticed that he paid his rates before leaving Brighton.

Dr. Clifford. One of the most genial and popular of Nonconformist ministers in the Anglo-Saxon world is undoubtedly Dr. Clifford, who in five years will celebrate his Golden Jubilee as Minister of Praed Street and Westbourne Park Church. Dr. Clifford is extraordinarily active as man, as minister, even, it might be said, as muscular Christian. He has played a great part in organising the Nonconformist opposition to the Education Bill, and the Hyde Park Demonstration was, in a great measure, his work. In odd moments he finds time to publish serious books; and his only hobby—if hobby it can be called—is geology, for Dr. Clifford, though in him there is nothing melancholy, sees "sermons in stones, and God in everything."

Mr. Whitaker Wright's Yacht. At the present moment a melancholy interest attaches to Mr. Wright's yacht, the *Sybarita*. Like many men overweighed with business cares and heavy responsibilities, the remarkable financier whose return to England created such a sensation last week is very fond of the sea and finds yachting the most restful of amusements.

*A Distinguished
New Knight.*

The Knights have a valuable addition in Colonel Sir Neville Chamberlain, who, as a youth, was one of the Kandahar heroes, and whose connection with the present Commander-in-Chief is of the closest and most affectionate description. Modest as are all good soldiers, the new Knight, though his name is not so widely known as it should be

to the Man in the Street, is one of those whom the Empire should delight to honour. As a younger man he was often confounded with his venerable uncle, the Field-Marshal, who, also boasting of a lifelong connection with India, was said to have been oftener wounded than any other man in the British Army. It is strange that the new Sir Neville should have had to wait for the honour he has well earned till the accidental circumstance of a Royal visit to Ireland. As Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary he played a very important rôle during their Majesties' recent visit to Erin.

and main at an ordinary chimney, waiting for some smoke to rise from its top! It is true that this special pipe is one of historic interest: it connects the humdrum outside world, the world of frivolous and busy laymen, with the solemn interior of the Sistine Chapel, and herein were assembled all the sixty-two Cardinals who had come to Rome for the election of the new Pope. The failure on the part of the latter to elect a successor to the late Pope was each time duly signified to the world at large by burning all the voting-papers.

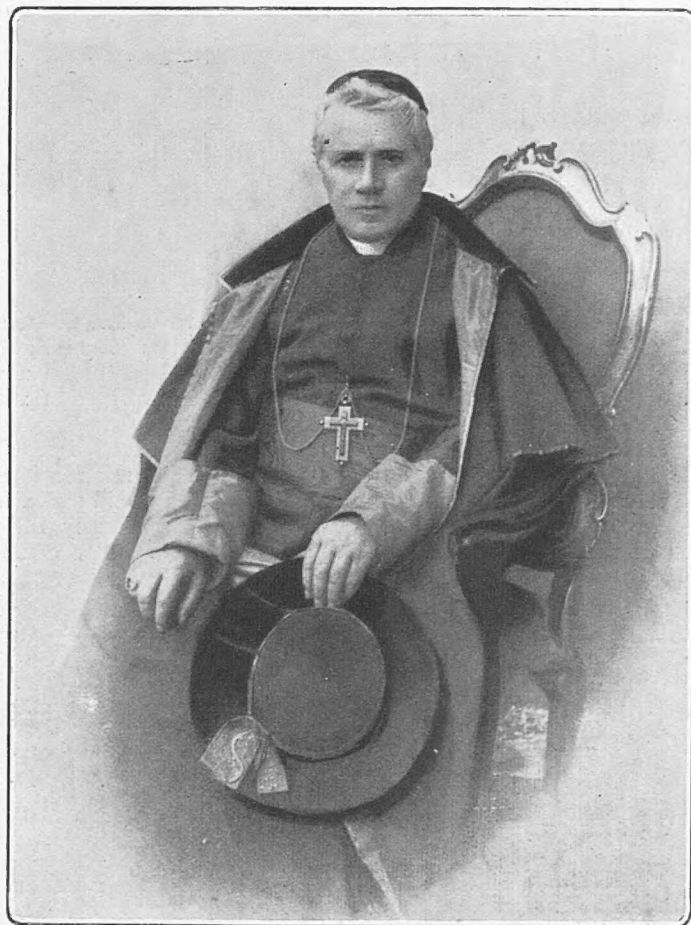
Each time that the thickness of the smoke told to the world the lack of result in the voting, these numerous individuals turned sadly



COLONEL SIR NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,
INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY.
Photograph by Poole, Waterford.

the inhabitants of this historic city been known to make themselves unwittingly so absolutely absurd and ridiculous (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent). The comicality of their proceedings during the past week would have come home to them had there been any who had failed to participate in the general action. As it was, everyone did the same thing, and therefore no one was left, with the exception of a few irreverent foreigners, to criticise. The mad and ludicrous behaviour to which I refer is this: Every day, as long as the Conclave sittings lasted, the whole of Rome, rich and poor, high and low, carriage-folk and humble pedestrians, went at half-past ten in the morning, and again at half-past five in the evening, to the Piazza di San Pietro. On arriving there, they all, with one accord, strained their necks and heads upwards for over half-an-hour towards the Sistine Chapel, of which only very little is visible from the Piazza, and gazed uninterruptedly and with apparent interest at a common tin chimney. Fancy the whole population of a city staring might

Seldom, probably, in the history of modern Rome have

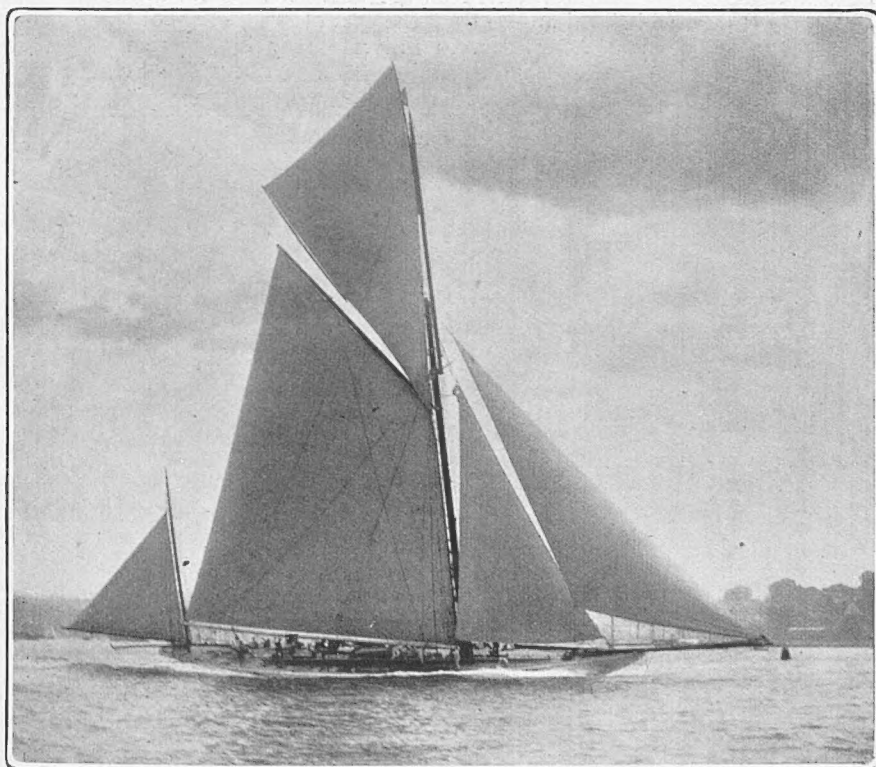


THE NEW POPE: CARDINAL GIUSEPPE SARTO.

Photograph by Fratelli Garatti.

away and drove or trudged through the beating sun the three kilometres or more to their houses; and still they returned the next time, in order to be present at the final blessing given by the newly elected Pope. They were as varied as any crowd could well be. Bishops in black carriages drawn by coal-black horses, the highest representatives of the Roman aristocracy in gorgeous landaus mounted by brilliantly liveried servants, Ambassadors of every country in their Embassy equipages, private persons in cabs, the "plebs" on foot, and countless seminarists in their different costumes, all strained their eyes upwards towards the solitary, unlovely gable of the Sistine Chapel. Not the least picturesque were a goodly group of *contadini*, or country peasants, men and women and children, who had tramped in from the Campagna to be present at the hoped-for benediction. These suffered more than others when no election took place, for to them it meant the abandonment of a whole day's wage and a weary tramp.

Pius X. It is quite a mistake to say, as so many of the papers have been saying regarding the election of the new Pope, that Cardinal Sarto was unknown in Rome, or that he was not looked upon as a likely candidate for the Papacy. As a matter of fact, when the Cardinals arrived in Rome for the Conclave, the name of Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, was placed second on the list of the Papabile by the knowing men who gather at Aragno's, the principal café in Rome. At this resort regular "books" were made on the new Pope, the favourite being Cardinal Gotti, on whom "evens" were betted, and he was followed by Cardinal Sarto, whose figure was two to one against. For some reason or other, the latter's name dropped out of the speculations which were telegraphed over by the Correspondents; but at Aragno's, which is frequented by the men most likely to know of all those outside the inner circle of the Vatican, the Patriarch of Venice was looked upon and backed as one of the most likely of all to succeed Pope Leo XIII.



MR. WHITAKER WRIGHT'S YACHT, "SYBARITA."
Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

His Majesty's Imperial Host.

The Emperor Franz Josef is an interesting example of the changes worked by time. Few European monarchs have met with greater disasters than has the venerable Sovereign of the Dual Kingdom, and at one time, some thirty years ago, neither his personality nor his position as Emperor was regarded with any great interest or respect. Now, it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that no monarch is more universally respected, more looked up to by his brother Kings, more credited with sagacity and sense. The Emperor Franz Josef began his long reign when he was only eighteen, and it may be doubted whether any modern Sovereign ever had a life so fearfully overshadowed by tragedy as has had the calm and benignant-looking old man who is, according to popular rumour, to be King Edward's host in Austria. He was still in the full flush of manhood when he lost so tragically his adored brother, the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico; very shortly after came his own disastrous conflict with Germany; then came the awful suicide of his only son, and, last blow of all, the assassination of his beautiful, wayward Empress at Geneva. The head of the House of Hapsburg is, however, peculiarly blessed in his daughters; with the youngest of these, the Archduchess Valérie, he spends a good deal of time, and he is a devoted grandfather to her charming group of children.

A Future Emperor? The Archduke Otto will almost certainly live to see himself Emperor of Austria, for, though he has an elder brother, Franz Ferdinand, the latter has elected, greatly to the amazement of those who put greatness and power on a very much higher level than love, to make a morganatic marriage of a kind which interferes seriously with his position as heir to the Imperial Throne. The Archduchess Otto, who is now the first lady in Austria, if the Emperor's daughters be excepted, was a Bavarian Princess; she is very popular in the great Austrian world, and would make, from a Viennese point of view, an ideal Empress. Curiously little is known of the Archduke and Archduchess Otto in other countries

than their own; they rarely travel, and have none of the love of mixing with the Royal caste which is so usual among most Princes and Princesses.

Miss Ada Reeve.

Miss Ada Reeve has at last made up her mind to leave the musical-comedy stage, at any rate for the present, and go into management on her own account with a comedy adapted from the French. Miss Reeve will be sure in her



MISS ADA REEVE, WHO WILL SHORTLY BE SEEN IN COMEDY.

Photograph by Gale and Polden.

new venture of the hearty support of those playgoers who care at all for the art of acting.

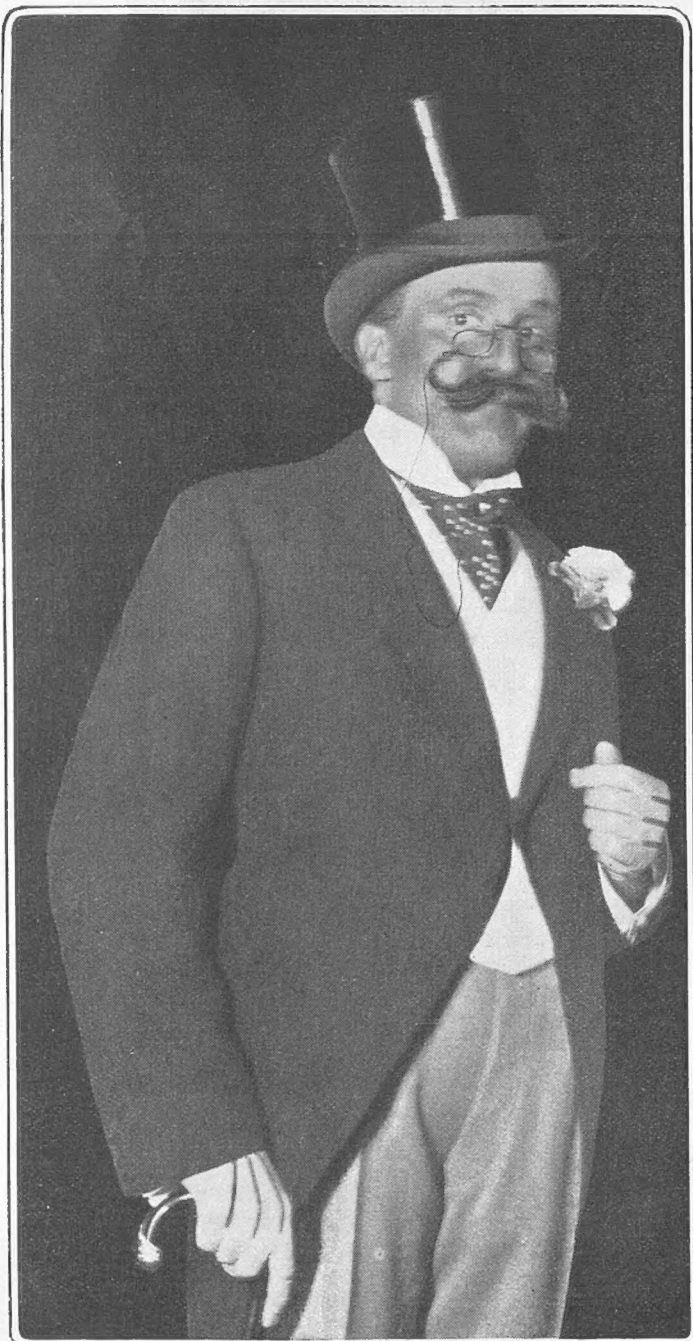
G. P. Huntley.

Mr. G. P. Huntley, who has fairly established his position as the best "man-about-town" actor in London, will shortly retire from the cast of "The School Girl," at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, in order to play in America in one of Mr. George Edwardes's Companies. His part in "The School Girl" will be taken by Mr. George Grossmith junior.

An August Engagement.

Of interest to a very large section of Society is the latest engagement—that of Mr. Rupert Guinness, the eldest son and heir of Lord Iveagh, to Lady Gwendolen Onslow. The wealth of the Guinness family is legendary; even the most ardent of teetotalers might well forgive them its source when recalling the amazing benefactions made by the two Peer brothers to humanity at large. Lord Ardilaun's benefactions are less astonishing owing to the fact that he is childless; but Lord Iveagh, in spite of the fact that he has three sons to provide for, thought nothing some years ago of dividing half-a-million between two objects, one taking the form of a gift to the Jenner Institute on behalf of the prosecution of scientific research, while the other transformed perhaps the worst of the slum quarters of Dublin into a beautiful and much-needed public garden and provided for the erection of model dwellings. Mr. Rupert Guinness is, like his father, a great worker. He is an Old Etonian, and was a most distinguished "wet-bob," and, while rowing in his school Eight, helped to win the Ladies' Plate at Henley. He is, of course, a member of the Leander Club, and, what is perhaps more remarkable in a man of his youth, of the "R. Y. S." He is a particularly keen yachtsman, a good shot, and of late he has taken to motoring with great zeal.

Lady Gwendolen Onslow is the eldest daughter of the statesman Earl who is now Minister of Agriculture. He and Lady Onslow have a delightful house in Richmond Terrace, and not long ago entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales at Clandon Park. Lady Gwendolen and her sister are by way of being very learned young ladies, and are, in any case, charming and accomplished girls.



OFF TO AMERICA: MR. G. P. HUNTLEY.

The Princess of Wales's Holiday.

The Princess of Wales seems to be enjoying a delightful rest and change in Switzerland, where Her Royal Highness is travelling with a very small suite as Countess of Killarney. The Princess has always been exceedingly fond of the "playground of Europe"; she went there, accompanied by her mother, within a few weeks of the birth of her eldest child, and certainly nowhere else can Royalty so well enjoy more complete change of thought and scene. Meanwhile, the little Princes of Wales and their sister are on Deeside, where they are, for the moment, the only members of the Royal caste, though their aunt, the Duchess of Fife, will shortly be at Mar Lodge. During the absence of the Princess, the Prince of Wales will pay a number of sporting visits in the North, commencing at Bolton Abbey, the Duke of Devonshire's beautiful and picturesque estate.

To-day is "the Glorious Twelfth," and though, according to the prophets, there has not been for many a long day so poor a grouse year, sportsmen are out on the moors in their thousands, and, doubtless, record "bags" will be made during the next few weeks. Grouse-shooting is a comparatively new form of sport—that is to say, a hundred years since the little brown bird scarcely counted. Still, upwards of thirty years ago *Punch* depicted a London sportsman chatting with his Highland keeper, while underneath ran the legend: "SPORTING TENANT: 'Every dead bird in that bag will have cost me half-a-guinea.'" The old Highlander answers cautiously: "Marcy on us, Sir! It's a good thing ye dinna bring down any mair o' them!" Curiously enough, what was true then is true now—that is, a moor that is expected to yield four hundred brace of grouse will easily command a rental of four hundred guineas. Enormous rents are willingly paid by keen and wealthy sportsmen; the Duke of Sutherland is said to derive some £30,000 a-year from his shootings, while the Duke of Argyll lets ten thousand acres at a rough rental of £4000. The King's moors at Balmoral are shot on the very early morning of "the Twelfth," a box of grouse being forwarded to the Sovereign wherever he may happen to be.

The Lebaudys

Is money—money, I mean, beyond all possibility of spending it—really worth having? (writes our Paris Correspondent). The question arises when I think of Jacques Lebaudy and his brothers, inheritors of millions sterling, and their fortunes. It is not long since Max—*le petit sucrier*, as he was called, because his father left a fortune of twelve and a-half millions sterling, made in the sugar-refining business—died during his year's military

service, owing to the weakness of a constitution undermined by the wildest of wild dissipation. He and his brothers, Jacques and Robert, were and are the three unhappiest men I ever knew. Their riches have been a nuisance to them all and to their mother, who, in her retreat at Bougival, lives the life of a recluse and suffers from periodical attacks of religious mania. Robert, the sanest of the three, is morose and miserable, always striving after the unattainable and worried by things that would not even annoy poorer men; and as for Jacques, poor fellow, he must be raving mad by now, judging by the account of

his extraordinary doings on the Morocco coast and his self-assumed title, "Emperor of Sahara," which have made food for conversation and amusement here during the last two weeks. The other Lebaudys—the poor ones, they are called, to distinguish them from their immensely wealthy cousins—have fewer millions but lead happier lives. They take an interest in politics and are the owners of the Lebaudy air-ship, the only real rival to Santos-Dumont's.

By the time these lines are in print the Humbert case will have been opened, and possibly reclosed. Interest in it is but half-hearted in Paris, although the Courts

will be packed and applications for admission-tickets have been numerous; but, somehow or another, Madame Humbert has lost the confidence of those who thought that she would raise an immense scandal, and the attitude of her chief promised "victim" seems to show that her scandalous revelations are more than likely to end in smoke. The victim I have mentioned is M. Camille Pelletan, the Naval Minister in the Combes Cabinet. Madame's promised revelations concerning his connection with her husband's election and her own affairs apparently have troubled him but little, for, while she and her lawyer are preparing poisoned darts, the Minister is hugging the unpoisoned ones of Cupid, and is to be married to the lady of his choice, Mdlle. Denise, in a few days. The *fiancée* is tall and handsome, thirty-four years old, and a governess in one of the State schools in Paris—the girls' school in the Rue Molière.

Her brother may be remembered by London lovers of the foils as having won the Championship organised some time since by the Sword Club. M. Camille Pelletan, the bridegroom, is a man of fifty-seven, tall, somewhat uncouth, and nervous in manner. He is—or rather, was—a member of the Fourth Estate, and was in the days of his youth one of the handsomest men in Paris, where, till he became a member of the Ministry, he was better known in the cafés of the Latin Quarter than elsewhere.



"THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH": ON THE MOORS AT ACHNAMARA, ARGYLLSHIRE.



"THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH": BEYOND THE REACH OF THE GUNS.



"THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH": POINTER ON THE SCENT.

Photographs by Reid, Wishaw.

SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

PARIS. Our maiden aunts would not approve of "Bibi," but he is dead and so *de mortuis*. Besides, I must confess that all the youth in me warmed sympathetically each time I met the stooping, shambling figure, with absinthe-washed eyes,

number of times. When I had finished, I gathered the documents into a bundle and despatched them to the police by the concierge. My family, my belongings, and my servants arrived in due course in the new dwelling, and, as soon as my writing-room had been placed in order, I sat down to narrate afresh the story of their birth, profession, religion, nationality, and taxation number. After the requisite number of copies had been filled up and signed by my landlord, I had them hastily conveyed to the police bureau. The officer on duty refused, however, to accept them except on production of a copy of the same details stamped and authenticated by the police of my former parish. With this copy I had, unfortunately, omitted to provide myself. I dutifully despatched an express messenger to my evacuated dwelling to repair the omission, and imagined that I had now brought my negotiations with the police to a successful conclusion.

Alas! I was mistaken, for, three days later, the postman delivered a couple of important-looking documents, of which one related to myself and family and another to the affairs of the housekeeper, who comes under a different set of police regulations to those obtaining in the case of ordinary servants. I found that my presence was required at the police bureau for the purpose of supplying answers to a long catalogue of questions. On this occasion, I had to repair to the bureau armed with a big bundle of birth, confirmation, marriage, vaccination, and other certificates. These were examined and found satisfactory, but they were inadequate to satisfy the official thirst for knowledge. My father's age, profession, and place of residence, my mother's maiden name and age, I either gave correctly or approximately; but when the sympathetic policeman demanded the age and maiden and matrimonial names of my mother-in-law, I was fain to confess ignorance, and did so.



THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.



THE ARCHDUKE OTTO OF AUSTRIA.

Photographs by Pietzner, Vienna. (See page 118)

Voltaire-like and unshaven face, long elf-locks, and the costume reminiscent of his charitable friends. "Jacques has passed his examination," one would hear one student on the *Panthéon terrasse* say to another. "Sure?" "Quite; and he has gone home to his people. I saw his frock-coat—the one with the broad velvet collar and the buttons missing—on 'Bibi' yesterday." "Bibi" got everyone's old clothes, and bought them with old jokes and anecdotes. He was the slippered Pantaloon, tricked out *en arlequin*, and when he died last week, at sixty-seven, *sans* money; food, *sans* soap, *sans* everything save his perennial gaiety, in the Hôtel Dieu, the Paris pauper-hospital, where the other outcasts looked up to "Monsieur Bibi" as a demi-god, he left this world with a jest on his lips.

His name was André Salis, and he failed to pass his law examinations in the Quarter five-and-forty years ago. He loved the careless and unstudying student life, but drink and utter laziness soon dragged him down into Bohemianism's lowest depths, where dirt was nature, work a crime, and borrowing the only means of livelihood. He lived with and, when the poet had money, on Verlaine, and since his death the poor old reprobate "Bibi" usually went hungry, for fried potatoes, bought in halfpennyworths, are not very nourishing, and, though few people whom he met upon his prowlings failed to put up drinks, solids were rarely offered him. Had "Bibi" cared to work, he might have been a brilliant writer. His gift for repartee was wonderful, and there were not many in the Quarter who cared to cross wits with him a second time. One noted journalist—he is a member of the Cabinet to-day—who was notorious for personal untidiness, once tried to make a butt of "Bibi" and offered him a franc "to get a bath." "Divisons, voulez-vous?" said the old scallywag, quite quietly, and a great roar of laughter, in which the victim joined, showed that the day had gone against the journalist.

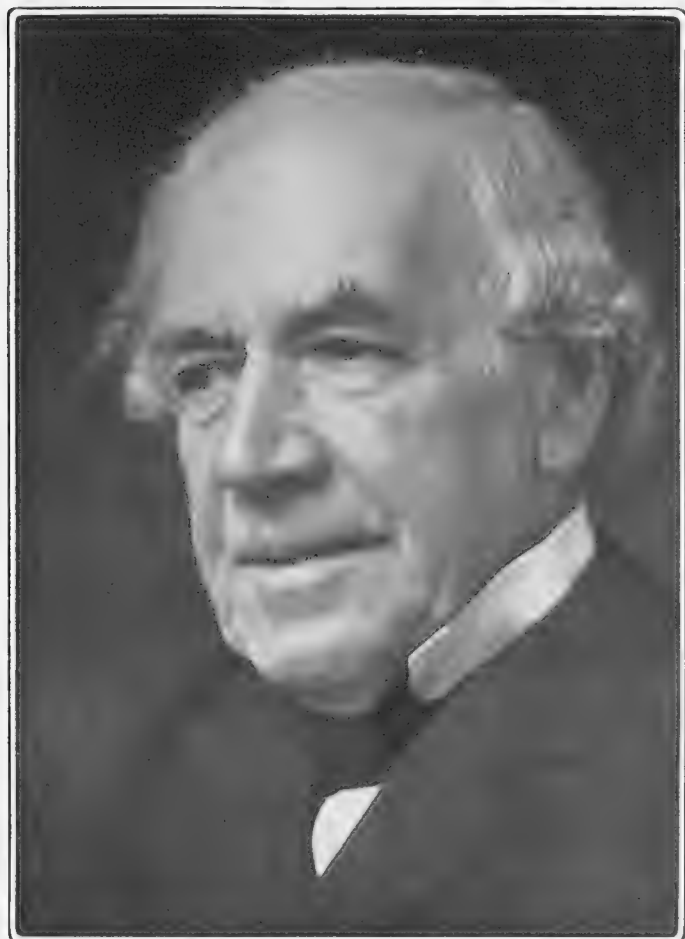
BERLIN. The other day I had the experience of changing houses in Germany. It is an experience I can heartily recommend to those who are desirous of becoming more intimately acquainted with the perfected complications of German police methods. Before removing from my old flat, I spent half-an-hour in reporting my impending departure to the authorities. First, I had to write out particulars of my various Christian names (which, unfortunately, happen to be many), of my age, place of birth, nationality, religion, and of my number in the register of the Income-tax Commissioners. Although the police had long been in possession of these particulars, which I had communicated to them on at least twenty previous occasions, it was necessary for me to make three fair copies of them and of similar details relating to my family. Then came the servants, whose places of nativity, ages, religions, and other marks of identity had to be recorded with equal precision an equal



THE LATE "M. BIBI" (ANDRÉ SALIS).

Photograph by Geniaux, Paris.

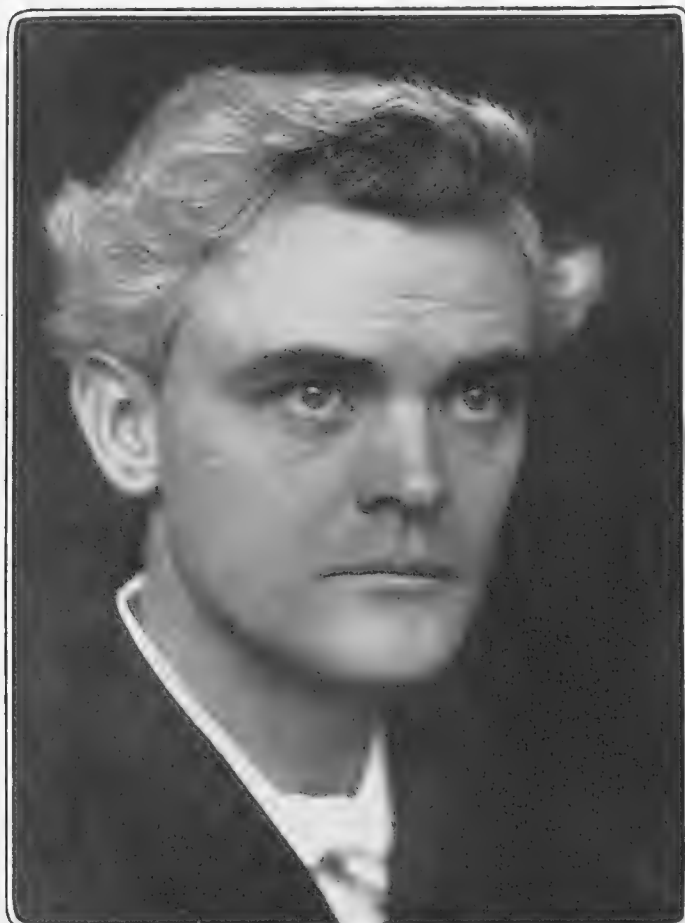
ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: SOME MEN OF MARK.



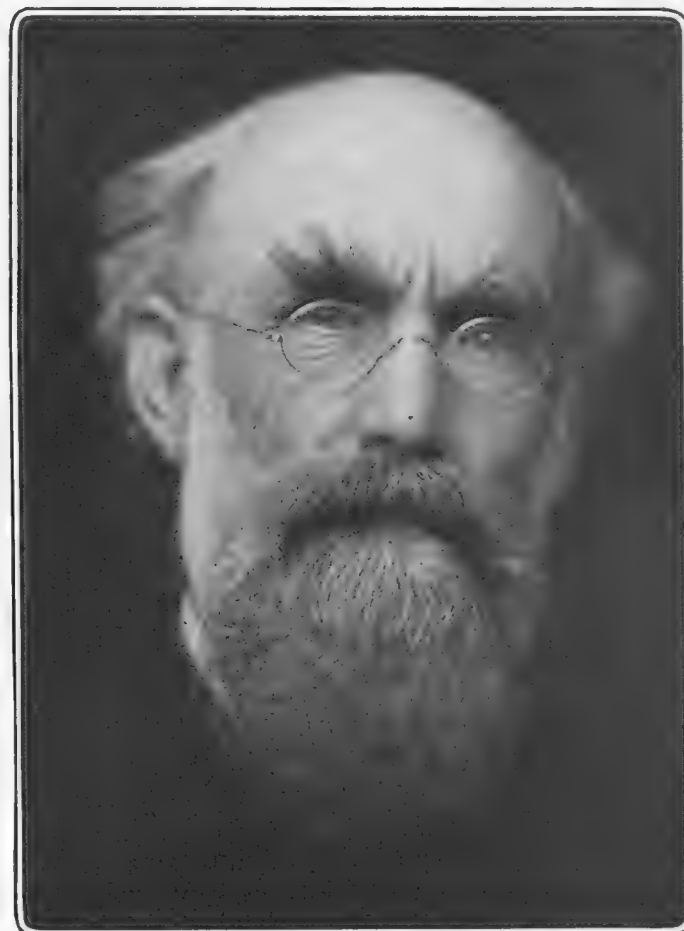
MR. JAMES STAATS FORBES, A RAILWAY MAGNATE AND CONNOISSEUR.



LORD INVERCLYDE, CHAIRMAN OF THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

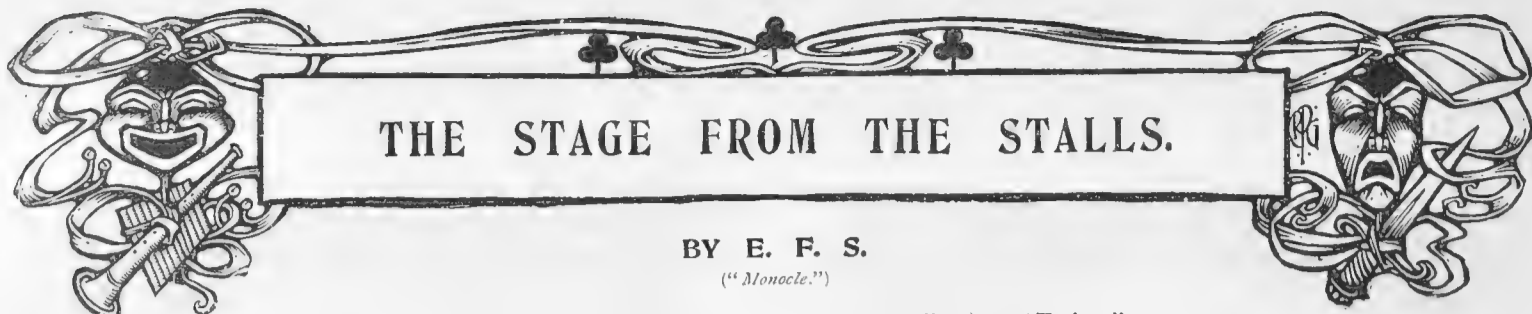


THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A., THE NEW PASTOR OF THE CITY TEMPLE.



DR. JOHN CLIFFORD, LEADER OF THE NONCONFORMIST OPPOSITION TO THE EDUCATION BILL.

Photographs by Beresford. (See Page 116.)



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

(*"Monocle."*)

"PRESS PETS," "THE SOOTHING SYSTEM," AND "EM'LY."

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, by his letter concerning "Press Pets," has somewhat simplified my task of dealing with his piece named "The Soothing System," the treatment of which by the critics has caused him to write a letter rich in split infinitives. Someone has called the play a "gruesome outrage," and Mr. Bouchier is very wroth. I understand that he accepts the term "gruesome" but rejects the word "outrage." The facts of the affair can be stated simply. Mr. Bouchier has adapted for the stage one of Poe's minor stories, and his play shows how two young men who visit a Lunatic Asylum come there at a moment when the patients have overwhelmed their keepers and are holding high revels. For a little while, by the cunning of the chief lunatic, the young men are deceived as to the actual position, but they gradually discover that they are in the hands of a collection of mad folk rendered bloodthirsty by the influence of an electric storm. The matter culminates in an attack on the young men, who, presumably, would have been murdered but for the timely appearance of the keepers. As a kind of tit-bit of horror, a door is opened and the head physician of the asylum is shown hanging; he is taken down and restored to life. Every effort is made to render the affair nerve-racking. There is abundance of direful music, of jangling of chains, and of screams "off"; rolling cannon-balls suggest thunder, lightning-flashes are exhibited, and there are hideous revels of the mad people, comic to people without a sense of humour—for a sense of humour prevents people from laughing at things really tragic or pathetic. The thing is very well done. Mr. Bouchier's own acting as the chief lunatic is horribly ingenious and painfully clever.

The critics protest that this kind of thing is not permissible upon the stage; some, perhaps, have used concerning the actual performance Bacon's epigram, "The better the worse." Mr. Bouchier seems to think they are wrong. It is not "a gruesome outrage," he says, for it has "the conventional happy ending"—one might well remark that "the conventional happy ending" is often an outrage even if not gruesome. There appears to be no need for anyone to be angry about the whole affair; it forms a capital entertainment for people who like this sort of thing, but they are those, I fancy, who revel in the waxwork Chamber of Horrors or the exhibition of mediæval instruments of torture, who visit menageries on the off-chance of seeing the lion-tamer attacked, who are thrilled by the half-hope that a Blondin may fall or a loop-looper get smashed into atoms, by those who regard the drama of "Sweeney Tod" as a work of art, who applaud the music-hall sketch in which a hand-to-hand struggle is represented in a peculiarly bloody fashion, and, in fact, by those whose capacity for feeling is naturally so dull or has been rendered so callous that it requires the monstrous to move them. There are people with such insensitive palates that they need the blackest of cigars, the hottest of pickles, the fiercest of curries, the sharpest of sauces, the rankest of spirits, the strongest of scents, the brassiest of music, the fiercest of colours. No doubt, they should be catered for; but one regrets that a theatre with such traditions as the Garrick under the management of Mr. Bouchier and his predecessors should take them into account.

The Manager-author-actor justifies the use on the stage of madness by an appeal to Shakspeare, but it must be remembered that genius has a prerogative to break laws binding upon the rest of the world, and also that in "King Lear" and "Hamlet," the instances he cites, madness is used not to give an impression of physical horror, but of psychological pathos. He asks whether his critics object because he uses malady as a vehicle for emotion, and cites against them "Two Orphans," Dick Helder, and Coupeau in "Drink." Personally, I do not admit the permissibility of any of these from an artistic point of view, nor can I endure the torture-scene in "La Tosca," or remember without disgust the exhibition in Paris in Zola's play; "Nana," of the heroine with wax imitations of small-pox pustules. Still, in such matters it is very hard to draw the line, or even to prove that one exists. I think, however, Mr. Bouchier is quite wrong in suggesting that those who have denounced his piece are the critics who have clamoured for a licence to be given for the performance of "Ghosts." Apparently Mr. Bouchier thinks that he has been attacked because he is not a "Press Pet." So far as I know, he is under a delusion, and if "The Soothing System" had been produced in any other theatre its treatment by the critics would have been the same. Some of his productions as Manager, like those of all other Managers, have been unsatisfactory; but, on the whole, he has deserved and won the sincere respect of the critics, who, therefore, are rather sharp in their handling of what they deem an unfortunate departure from his own standard. Severe censure often involves sincere compliment. In fact, whilst admitting that

"The Soothing System" was too strong meat for me, and gave pain and no sort of pleasure, because my nerves were unwrung by it, I think it only fair to say that, as Manager of the Garrick, Mr. Bouchier has shown a laudable desire to assist in the development of the best modern English drama, and has rendered valuable assistance by his ability as Manager and brilliance as actor.

The West-End theatres are threatened with a deluge of Dickens. If "Em'ly," the new piece at the Adelphi, is to be taken as a fair sample of them, I rather think that the Deluge will soon run dry, for, whilst "Em'ly" may serve very well at the old home of melodrama, it is essentially a pit-and-gallery work, and this kind of play is not very likely to take root in the theatres accustomed to more ambitious fare. This, as a lover, if not, perhaps, thick-and-thin worshipper of Dickens, I think by no means deplorable, for such works are likely to be injurious to his memory. Nobody who sees "Em'ly" and is unacquainted with the novel of Dickens—perhaps such a person hardly exists—would imagine that it is an adaptation of a book which, despite some obvious flaws, is indisputably a work of genius. The play, although it contains passages of dialogue taken verbatim from Dickens, is a crude mixture of the wildly farcical and the slobby sentimental, and no serious dramatist would be proud of having invented it without the assistance of the amazing author of the novel; it may be added that, as is the case with most adaptations, the story is hardly intelligible to those who have not read the book, and if, which is doubtful, it induces them to read it, "Em'ly" renders some service. It is strange that the authors should have the courage to call their work an adaptation of "David Copperfield," seeing that it does not pretend to present some of the most famous characters, that it begins with David as a young man and entirely ignores the "child wife." Indeed, David himself might have been left out of the question, since in the play the part is that of the most unimportant "walking gentleman" imaginable. With a little ingenuity the part could be entirely eliminated without really affecting the drama. So the critics can hardly be expected, whether they are Dickens lovers or not, to profess enthusiasm concerning what at the most is merely a business-like arrangement of scraps—a sort of patchwork quilt that leaves out half the colours and yet decidedly belongs to the "twopence coloured" order, for the comedy becomes comicalities and the pathos degenerates into heavy melodrama.

This kind of work requires, even if it does not deserve, admirable acting, and did not get it. No doubt, one ought to make great allowances. In the case of Dickens more, perhaps, than that of any other novelist, readers have a lively concept of the physical aspect of the characters. There are tens of thousands of people in this country who would identify half-a-dozen of the characters in the book if they saw them walking down the Strand: it may be that, in part, this is due to the illustrations, but, in a large measure, it must be ascribed to the author's wonderful gift for painting vivid pictures. Without hesitation, I may say that only two or three of the characters as presented at the Adelphi would be recognised, and they would seem caricatures. These, of course, include the Micawber of Mr. Harry Nicholls and Uriah Heep of Mr. Robb Harwood. Unfortunately, the element of malignity has disappeared from the Uriah, the dramatic is not noticeable, and he is a purely grotesque person who never seems dangerous. Micawber appears to have come from musical comedy and is not at all convincing, though both Mr. Nicholls and Mr. Harwood caused a good deal of laughter. Mr. Ben Webster, the Steerforth, was, I think, the most successful in suggesting the spirit of the novel, and there really was in him the charm of the dashing but somewhat vicious young gentleman. It would be idle to pretend that Miss Madge Lessing showed the same ability in drama as she has exhibited in musical comedy. A useful and effective performance was that of Mr. Cartwright as Dan'l Peggotty; and Miss Agnes Thomas, the Betsy Trotwood, though made up too young, was fairly successful, whilst Littimer was very well presented by Mr. Philip Darwin. The authors would have been wise if they had omitted the part of Rosa Dartle, which is rather puzzling in the book, and on the stage demands an inadmissible amount of explanation. The efforts of Miss Nancy Price were received with a good deal of applause; but to me, at least, she never seemed to suggest the fierce, mad creature of the story. Miss Caroline Ewell made quite a "hit" in the character of Mrs. Gummidge. It was impossible for Mr. Barrington Foote to render David Copperfield at all interesting, and the Clara Peggotty had nothing at all of the Dickens flavour. Still, the piece, as a whole, met with a good deal of favour, and may well enjoy a run at this particular theatre.



MISS HALLOWELL MORTON AS LADY ANCASTER IN "A COUNTRY GIRL,"

AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

FAMOUS AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUBS.

IV.—THE CAMBRIDGE "A. D. C."

THE Cambridge Amateur Club has its club-house and its theatre in one, and is a very exclusive social body as well as a band of budding stage-players. A narrow alley runs off from Jesus Lane, and from a doorway in this street a rather break-neck flight of stairs leads to the first-floor, where a man in a box on the landing demands the audience's hats and coats. The foyer is the club-room, a great, straggling apartment, with a miniature billiard-table occupying part of the floor-space, with a piano in a corner, tables with photograph-books on them, and with walls adorned with great frames of rather faded vignettes of past celebrities of the Club. The next room is the theatre, with at one end the proscenium. On the walls are more photographs in frames and two large oil-paintings—one of Sir Frank Burnand, the founder of the Club, and the other of Mr. J. W. Clark, the perpetual Vice-President, a jovial, bearded gentleman very busy with pen and ink. A platform rising in easy stages carries the rows of chairs, all reserved seats, from the footlights to the back of the hall.

When the curtain rises, a small stage is disclosed, the gentleman who has played an overture on the piano in a corner allows the music to die gradually away, and the smart waiting-maid, or the *ingénue*, lifts up her voice. That voice is not the treble of womankind, but a fine, sonorous baritone; and though the ladies wear most beautiful feminine attire, their robust voices, their hands burned by the sun and broadened by the grip of the oar and cricket-bat, their thirty-inch waists and thoroughly useful feet, proclaim them to be men. This has always been the custom with the "A. D. C.," and there have been some of the young actors who have played the women's parts very successfully. In "Dandy Dick," which the "A. D. C." played this year during the May week, Mr. W. A. Bolton made a dashing Georgiana Tidman, though Sir Tristram Mardon found some difficulty in encircling his waist.

The "A. D. C." commenced its career with burlesque and farce, and its first performance was given in the May Term of 1855 at the Hoop Hotel. There were, of course, the usual preliminary difficulties, and the College tutors have on more than one occasion lifted up their voices against the "A. D. C." There was a financial crisis precipitated by an erroneous estimate of the expenses of the dinner to celebrate the Club's Silver Wedding, at which His Majesty the King (then the Prince of Wales) presided; there has, at times, been a "slump" in dramatic talent, but the Club has come safely through all its trials, the members own their club-house, are paying off their debt, and the performances are in this present year of grace quite up to the high average the admirers of the Club expect.

The "A. D. C." has had, during the forty-odd years of its existence, its famous "casts" and its famous individual players. "The Overland Route," put on the stage in 1866, made a mark in the Club history for its admirable mounting and for the spirited playing of Mrs. Sebright, the gay grass-widow, by the present Lord Battersea. The finest performance ever given by the Club is said to have been "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," played in 1878, when Mr. Charles Brookfield made a tremendous "hit" as "The Tiger"; and other very notable productions were "Jupiter, LL.D.," a burlesque on Olympus and its deities, in which Mr. Austin Leigh

made a "hit" as an elderly "Bed-maker"; "The Ballad-Monger," with the present Lord Lytton as Gringoire; "Medea," a burlesque in which Mr. Hertz, now on the professional stage, scored highly; and last year's performance of "His Excellency the Governor," in which Mr. Winter, much resembling George Alexander in appearance, was His Excellency. Mr. Locker-Lampson, as the Dean in this year's production of "Dandy Dick," also deserves honourable mention.

But let us leave musty history, and, as the curtain has fallen, go behind the scenes. The green-room and dressing-room are one and the same, each actor having a little partition not much larger than the desks for writing telegrams at a post-office for his clothes, and all sharing one big toilet-table. A screen hides the ladies as they jump out of their skirts. Nowadays they can jump. In the years when Mr. Charles Brookfield ruled the "A. D. C." stage, he used to tie the knees of the young actors who played the ladies tightly together with handkerchiefs, determined that there should be no striding about the stage, but that their walk, at least, should be lady-like.

A small page-boy, sometimes addressed as "The Gnome," with a wealth of silver buttons on his jacket, rushes about the dressing-room bearing towels, soap, liquid refreshment, cocoa-butter. There have been generations of these small page-boys, and many of the "A. D. C." stories are woven round them. It was a page-boy who, at the supreme moment in "Ruy Blas," when, on the darkened stage, Ruy Blas was about to stab Don Salluste, stole across the boards with a brandy-and-soda on a salver in full view of the audience and got the one laugh of the night, and it was a page-boy who led Mr. Willie Elliot and one faithful companion on a wild-goose chase after buried gold filched from the "A. D. C." treasury.

Many of the other "A. D. C." good stories concern actors who could not learn their parts and others who would never take their cues. Mr. John Cavendish, for instance, went through all the horrors of stage-fright nightly before

he could ejaculate "The carriage is here," and in "The Lyons Mail" Mr. Balfour, as Joliquet, concealed in the cellar, did not issue thence until adjured by the prompter, "D—n you, Reggie; come up!" Two jokes played outside the theatre by leaders of the "A. D. C." deserve record. The porters of the various Colleges were, one fine summer day in the early 'eighties, puzzled and amused by the appearance of a German Baron who asked his way about the Colleges, in dreadful English, making strange and critical remarks. This was Mr. T. B. Miller, now the popular "M. F. H." of the "V. W. H." Hounds. The other practical joke was perpetrated by Mr. Charles Brookfield and two other young geniuses. Walking along the street, they came to a butcher's, a baker's, and a fishmonger's shops adjoining each other. "Let's have a pantomime rally in real life," said Brookfield, and the others thought the idea a majestic one. The butcher, called out of his shop, fell over Brookfield lying prone on the ground; the fishmonger was slapped in the face with a turbot. Neither acted in accordance with pantomime usance, and the quite undramatic transference of much coin of the realm put an end to a scene which the actors in it subsequently truly described as "painful."

N. NEWNHAM-DAVIS.



A GROUP OF "BEAUTIES" IN "DANDY DICK" (1903).



MR. R. C. HERTZ AS MEDEA (1898).



MR. LOCKER-LAMPSON AS THE DEAN IN "DANDY DICK" (1903).

Photographs by Stearn, Cambridge.

FAMOUS AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUBS.

IV.—THE CAMBRIDGE "A. D C."



MR. W. F. CHALLINOR AS BOB ACRES
IN "THE RIVALS" (1900).



MR. C. E. WINTER IN "HIS EXCELLENCY
THE GOVERNOR" (1902).



MR. H. BROOKS AS CHARLES IN
"OUR BOYS" (1900).



MR. W. A. BOLTON AS GEORGIANA
TIDMAN IN "DANDY DICK" (1903).



LORD LYTTON AS EVELYN IN
"MONEY" (1897).



MR. B. H. SEWARD AS STELLA IN "HIS
EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR" (1902).

Photographs by Stearn, Cambridge.

MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING.

"DOUBLE American, double Scotch, double Irish, and single English" is the characteristic way in which Madame Antoinette Sterling always describes herself. Something may, however, be added to the "single English" by her admirers, in consideration of the fact that she has made her home in England for the past thirty years, to the delight of its inhabitants, as well as those who dwell in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, not forgetting the Australians nor New Zealanders.

It seems strange, however, to think that, as a descendant of William Bradford, who went to America in the *Mayflower* and became the first Governor of Massachusetts, Madame Sterling should, in her childhood, have been taught to regard England as her natural enemy, the more so, perhaps, in that her ancestor's brother, John Bradford, was the well-known martyr whose life was sacrificed at the stake. Her career is also rendered remarkable by the fact that she was born a Quaker, and a Quaker she is to-day, though she does not wear the characteristic grey costume. Indeed, grey is the one colour which she may be said practically never to wear. When she first sang in public she used to wear red—not only her dress, but every article of her attire being of the vivid colour which was symbolic of what she called her "fighting mood" at that period of her life, though she can hardly be said to have fought for her place, for her success was assured on the very night when she made her début at the Rivière-Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden. Later on, however, Madame Sterling always sang in white or yellow or blue or green, which were as typical in their way as red, though on one occasion, at least, she did appear in black. This was when she sang by command before Queen Victoria when the Court was in mourning. When the Equerry went to convey the Queen's wishes to the famous contralto, Madame Sterling naïvely exclaimed, "I am very sorry, but I can't go; I have promised to sing at a concert for a friend, and, having given my word, I cannot break it." When the friend heard of the Royal command, it need hardly be said that a way was found out of the difficulty. To the Equerry Madame Sterling had to confess another difficulty, which, in her estimation, appeared no less insurmountable. "Everybody who appears before the Queen," she said, "has, I know, to wear a low bodice. The Quakers do not wear low-necked gowns, and I am a Quaker." To the Queen, however, that was by no means a difficulty, for, with characteristic graciousness, she sent word that "Madame Sterling might wear any sort of dress she liked." To the Palace, therefore, Madame Sterling repaired, wearing a black satin dress cut high to the throat, and with long sleeves. For the Queen, Madame Sterling sang many German songs of which Her Majesty was particularly fond, as well as the ballads which have made the singer's name famous throughout the civilised world.

Those German songs, indeed, threatened to be the crux of Madame Sterling's early career, for on the night of her début she chose, as her first contribution to the programme, an aria from Bach's Oratorio. She was, indeed, the first who ever sang Bach to a popular audience. "It is fatal," her advisers urged, "to sing a song so severely classical at the Promenade Concerts." "I am a classical singer," said Madame Sterling, with her characteristic independence, "and that is what I am going to sing." Sing it she did, and created a great sensation, which was intensified when she afterwards sang the "Three Fishers." Then a scene took place which is not often witnessed in a concert-room,

for men and women stood up and waved their handkerchiefs, carried away by the force and pathos of the singer. Once she sang the "Three Fishers" to Charles Kingsley himself at his own house, with such effect that he covered his face with his hands when the song was ended, sobbed outright, and went out of the room; for, as he afterwards explained, Antoinette Sterling had made him see again a sight which he had witnessed hundreds of times.

Before she came to England, Madame Sterling sang at Dr. Adams's Church in New York. Later on, she was the chief singer at Plymouth Church, then under the ministry of the great Henry Ward Beecher. In order to protect her from the draughts, a special chair of red velvet, with a hood, was made for her without her knowledge. This was naturally a conspicuous object, and whenever visitors asked what it was, they were always given the same answer, "It is the jewel-box of the Church." When Madame Sterling left Plymouth Church to come to England, the chair was locked away, for no one else was ever

allowed to sit in it; and Henry Ward Beecher himself was heard to say, more than once, that after the departure of Antoinette Sterling his preaching had never been the same.

Never, perhaps, was the extraordinary power of that inspiring force so vividly demonstrated as on an occasion, some ten years ago, when Madame Sterling made her Australian tour. One day she was told that the prisoners in Adelaide wanted to hear her sing and that she would be doing a gracious act if she consented. Without a moment's hesitation she agreed to go, and at the appointed time arrived at the Jail, in which over four hundred of the worst criminals in the country were attending service. They were gathered in the Prison Chapel and were separated from the visitors by iron bars. She sang to them a hymn composed by her eight-year-old daughter. Amongst the rest she caught sight of a man with a noble face, long, thick, white hair, and fine blue eyes. He had served twenty-seven years and was under sentence for life. "Open this!" she exclaimed, standing near the gateway, and, as if she had been the Governor of the Jail himself, a warder unlocked the gate. She put her hands on the man's shoulders, and spoke some emotionally inspiring words to him which moved him deeply, saying, "God is not like man. Jesus said, 'Go, and sin no more.'" She subsequently interested herself in his behalf, and eventually the man obtained his freedom



MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

and has been living an exemplary life ever since.

Perhaps one secret of Madame Sterling's success as a singer is the fact that she has always acted up to her belief that in a song the music should be the amplification of the words of the poem, and not the words subservient to the music. "If anyone interferes with my words, I will interfere with his music," she has been heard to say over and over, and in the numerous songs which have been written for her the composers have always recognised this view. Knowing the value which a song sung by her obtained, a writer once offered Madame Sterling a blank cheque if she would sing a certain song, if only once. She did not like the words, however, and refused to lend herself to any such proceeding. It is characteristic of her that she never uses the music when she is singing, but carries in her hand a little silver-covered book, in which are printed all the songs in her large repertoire. This book was, it need hardly be said, specially printed for her, and the cover is a valuable work of art, for it was made by one of the great silver-workers six hundred years ago.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

LIII.—MADAME 'ANTOINETTE STERLING.



"I AM AFRAID I HAVE NOTHING OF SURPASSING INTEREST TO SHOW YOU."



"HOWEVER, I WILL DO MY BEST. LET US START WITH ROSSETTI'S BIRD-CAGE."



"HERE ARE ONE OR TWO OTHER CURIOS THAT I VALUE VERY HIGHLY."



"A PRICELESS POSSESSION, OF COURSE, IS THE HARP GIVEN TO ME BY THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD."



"A LITTLE BOOK WITH A SILVER COVER THAT CONTAINS THE WORDS OF ALL MY SONGS."



"A PICTURE OF MYSELF AT THE AGE OF TWENTY."



"FINALLY, AN ITALIAN CHEST HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD."



"MY SON, MR. MALCOLM STERLING 'MACKINLAY,' OFTEN PLAYS MY ACCOMPANIMENTS."



"THIS IS HOW THE NATIVES DRESS IN NORTHERN AMERICA, WHERE I WAS BORN. MUST YOU REALLY GO?"

MY MORNING PAPER.

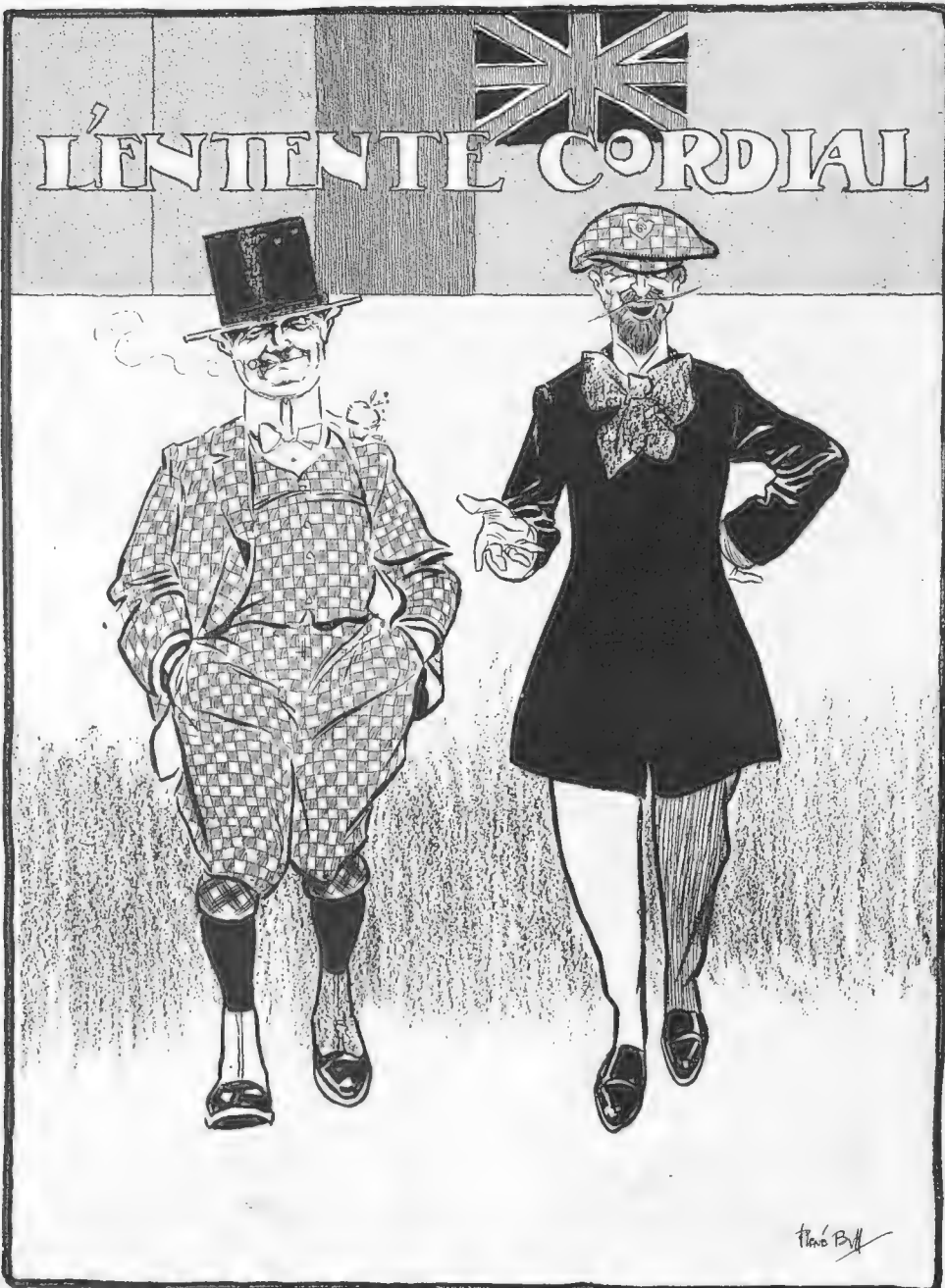
By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

WHEN I turn to the *Times* in the morning and see how well it is supplied with Russian news of the kind that Minister of the Interior von Plehve would rather not see in print, I am highly delighted. In Mr. Disraeli Braham, a good linguist and a scholar of parts, the *Times* had a singularly level-headed Correspondent and the St. Petersburg authorities had a critic of judgment and discretion. Rumour says that the Czar reads the *Times*, and will not have his copy expurgated or censored, and that on this account Minister von Plehve found it necessary to endeavour to keep comments on Russian news unprinted. His effort has failed lamentably. He expelled one man of obvious judgment, and in his place half-a-dozen mysterious successors have sprung up, who seem to enjoy strong opinions and to be quite free from diffidence in uttering them.

Since Mr. Braham left St. Petersburg the failure of the Russian Government has been more than ever insisted upon in the great paper he represented. News comes rolling in, and von Plehve's morning encounter with his copy of the *Times* must have something in it that tends to relieve the quietest day of monotony. I look eagerly at the "Agony Column" every day, for I expect to see an advertisement there to the effect that, if "D. B." will return to St. Petersburg, everything will be forgiven by "V. P.," his sorrowing persecutor.

A man must be very careful in taking up his morning paper. The other day, a newsboy who should have known better gave me the wrong one; I opened it without too careful scrutiny, and plunged at once among the leading articles. For some few minutes I thought that there must have been an extraordinary mental revolution in progress in the last twenty-four hours. I learned for the first time that the Government was no use to anything except itself; that it tottered gravely, shuddering at the contemplation of its own misdeeds; that the country was on the verge of ruin, and Mr. Chamberlain was trying to push it over the verge; while the rank-and-file of the Ministry went about with trembling limbs, and eyes that did not dare to return the lightning glances of a Mr. Henderson, an honest labouring-man who had been sent to Parliament by some people living in a district I had never heard about before, in order that he might control Mr. Chamberlain's political excesses.

Hurrying on to the next leader, I was horrified to learn that Mr. Chamberlain was conspiring with Lord Milner and certain South African financiers unnamed to give the latter some illegal benefits not clearly specified, for reasons the writer forgot to mention. A little later, I learned that our management of India was a doleful failure from start to finish, that the Government was responsible for the absence of rain and prevalence of plague, and—then I caught sight of the paper's title, and threw it aside and breathed freely once more, and bought my own daily at the next station, and found that "all's right with the world."



DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

I read of the great invasion of the country on Bank Holiday, of tens and hundreds of thousands who hurried away from town before I was up and returned after I had retired to my room, and I tender them all my hearty thanks for giving me a very quiet, pleasant day in London. Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and St. James's Street were comparatively deserted; at my Club all the periodicals and most of the daily papers were disengaged; I was never better served at the restaurant where I am wont to lunch. The town maintained its Sunday aspect, and I thought the air was quite fresh and pleasant, possibly because the countless lungs that help to vitiate it were elsewhere. A gentleman belonging to the coster fraternity drove his donkey-cart down Bond Street as I passed through, and had most of the road to himself. Town seemed given up to a well-earned rest, and even the most fashionable Squares, through which I passed in the afternoon on my way to tea at a Ladies' Club, looked cool and reposeful. The drawn window-blinds did nothing to detract from the pleasant sense of rest. I have no doubt that London saw another sight when the afternoon closed, and the restaurants re-opened their doors, and theatres and music-halls welcomed their patrons; but by that time I had finished with the heart of the town and gone back with content to my household gods.

Among the people who must want a good holiday very badly indeed, put down one John Philip Sousa, composer and conductor of music. I have just read the list of his achievements since he started his third European tour on the 2nd of January last. In thirty weeks he has given three hundred and sixty-two concerts, covering so much ground that I feel sure he must have given some of them in the train or on the steamboat. Among the countries he has visited in the thirty weeks' rush are England, Scotland, and Ireland, France, Belgium, Russia, Austria, Denmark, and Holland. No place is safe from his appalling industry, and, though he is on the water at the time I write, he will be back in N'York by the time these lines are printed, playing away for dear life and nimble dollars. As a musician, I ceased to admire Sousa on the day when I went to the front row of the stalls for one of his concerts and he turned on a quartette of trombone-players without a word of warning. As a man, I admire him, for he retired from the stage before the quartette could start and remained away until they had finished their job.



I.—AT THE FARMER'S BIDDING.

"I 'LL hae ye to do ut," said Farmer Giles, waxing excited, and dropping into the vernacular, as he does so often when he speaks quickly.

"But it's murder," I protested, "nothing better than murder! I'd rather not."

"Ye must!" replied the farmer, vigorously. "If I don't murder they, they murder me. Suppose ye don't go. Well, I'll send Maister Wotter. He'll begin when I tell 'un, but will he stop? Ye can't satisfy Maister Wotter. If ye gie'd 'un Maychester, he'd ask f'r Lunnon; and if ye gie'd 'un Lunnon, he'd ask f'r Meriky, an' then he wouldn't be satisfied. These last twenty-eight year he's averaged sixteen shillin' a-week, an' he's not satisfied. Ast me f'r a rise less than three year ago. If I said to Maister Wotter, 'Go an' kill they,' he'd go; but if I said to 'un, 'Stop killin' o' they,' I doubt he'd not stop. Then ye'll come to me in th' fall, an' say, 'Maister Giles, there be no sport.' So ye'll hae to do ut, an' kill all ye can, for they've used me cruel, an' I can't live with 'em."

There was no help for me. I left the farm condemned to commit murders, pledged to start them on the following evening in the quiet meadows that slope from the Heron Wood to the river.

At the appointed time I stole down, gun in hand, my boy, a willing accomplice, following quietly. The breeze came from the water, cuckoo and thrush were busy with their vesper-songs as we made our way stealthily to the fatal fields. A half-grown hare sat in a furrow staring at me with wide, unsuspicious eyes; partridges cackled in their own peculiar fashion by the woodside edge where their nests were set; even the pigeons coming home to the wood kept a leisured flight, as though they had bidden a long farewell to calamity. I trod lightly, with loaded gun in hand and murder in my thoughts; peeped round the corner of the wheat-field, and saw the farmer's enemies sitting at their evening meal destroying his corn. Then I hardened my heart and took careful aim and bagged a brace of the depredators, two buck-rabbits well past middle-age.

What a rush followed the first two shots! Thieves, young and old, came pelting out of the corn, the elderly ones prompt to seek shelter, the others content to run to the mouth of stop or hedge and sit there on their hind-legs with their ears raised. For more than six months

no gun had gone off in the fields, and the majority of the youngsters were six weeks or two months old, no more. I felt justified in sparing their lives, and went down the field, keeping watchful eye on the furrows. Now and again an old rabbit would dash out quite unexpectedly, and, as the open space between field and hedge was nowhere more than two yards wide, the race was often to the swift.

Blackbirds fluttered from hedge to hedge, scolding me vigorously; a cuckoo mocked me from the grove, and a late lark sought the sky, protesting melodiously against my intrusion. It was impossible to go through the fields without the thought and feeling that my presence on such an errand violated all the harmony of the summer night. But it is in my agreement with Farmer Giles that I am to keep down the rabbits when

he shall request me to do so, and, if I do not respond to his request, he is to be at liberty to send his servants or agents to keep them down without being responsible to me for any damage they may do to the game. Beyond a doubt the rabbits had used him ill. Big patches of corn all round the lower fields had never been allowed to grow at all, so industriously had they nibbled the tops off as soon as they grew high enough to afford a toothsome morsel. Cessation of hostilities had done nothing to lessen the cunning of the elderly rabbits. They led the flight or waited until it was quite over; sometimes they dashed down the furrows and found shelter in the heart of the corn or beans, where they were safe from pursuit. A fair proportion met their fate in the fire-zone, and by the time we returned to the farm the boy seemed to be regretting his early enthusiasms.

Farmer Giles and Master Wotter stood by the orchard-gate. "That's good," said the former, as I came up to him. "We'll hae a little corn this year, p'raps, after all. Don't you think so?" he added, turning to his horseman.

"Pore dears," said Master Wotter, sympathetically, for he has no interest in crops, and likes to annoy his master out of business hours.

Farmer Giles turned round quite savagely.

"If they rabbits ate th' horses' feed, ye'd not be calling them 'pore dears,' I count, Majster Wotter," he said.

"P'raps not," said Master Wotter, abstractedly; "but they've not never done no 'arm to I, an' I'm sorry for they an' no mistake, pore dears. So innocent-like they does run about, to be sure!"

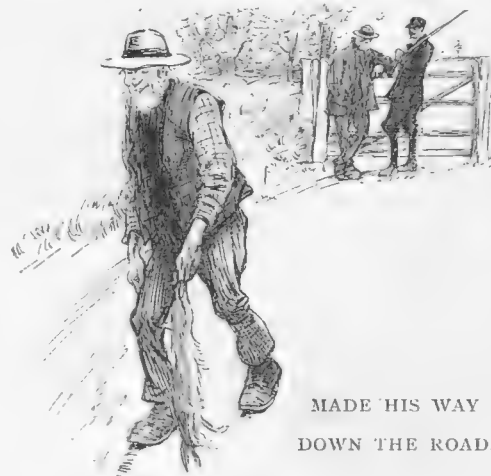
"Will you take a couple home to your wife, Master Wotter?" I suggested, quietly, watching Farmer Giles' delight and Master Wotter's confusion. To be logical, he thought he should say "no"; but he is very fond of rabbit, and would hesitate, I think, to set down the true history of every rabbit that finds its way to his table in the course of the year.

"Thank ye, sir," he said, at last. "Since ye've killed th' pore things, maybe I'll take a couple. Th' wife'll like 'em, maybe."

He selected a pair with a care that showed how devoted he is to his wife, and, with brief good-night, made his way down the road.

"That's like Maister Wotter," said the farmer, impatiently. "If they was to touch his horses, I'd hae to blow up every rabbit's home on th' farm. But my corn, Lord, they may eat it all, an' he'll sit on an' watch, an' call 'em 'pretty dears,' an' say he must get another shillin' a-week after harvest, or he'll hae to go elsewhere. An' if he left me, who'd look after they horses as he does? Treats 'em as if they were children, that he does."

S. L. BENSUSAN.



"I 'LL HAE YE TO DO UT," SAID FARMER GILES, WAXING EXCITED.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

ALREADY some of the chief publishers have issued their autumn lists. The number of forthcoming reprints is very extraordinary, and is a distinct sign of the times. Messrs. Methuen, one of the most powerful and enterprising of comparatively new houses, announce more than two hundred reprints, including a Shakspeare and a complete set of Dumas. These re-issues are in various styles,

ranging from a magnificent photographic reproduction of each of the four folios of Shakspeare from perfect copies down to the cheapest and daintiest booklets. It is perfectly certain that these reprints would not be published unless they found a market, and the fact that there is a demand for them is encouraging. It proves that, after all, the life of good books is longer than the pessimists think, and that the demand for books that deserve to be called books has by no means ceased. I cannot help thinking, however, that this great revival of reprints is not of good omen for present-day authors. It means that many people deliberately prefer old books to new.

Some leading publishers, however, practically do nothing in reprints. They issue cheap editions of their own copyrights, but they refrain from seizing copyrights that have expired. Of these is Mr. John Murray, who announces, as is his wont, many sound, learned, and valuable books. Some of these, and, perhaps, especially Sir Alfred Lyall's "Life of Lord Dufferin," will be of universal interest. Mr. J. C. Horsley has boldly undertaken the "Reminiscences of a Royal Academician," and Sir Horace Plunkett is no less bold in his promise of yet another book on the Irish Question. The Royal Historical Society has done admirable work in planning a bibliography of four



MR. ROGER POCOCK, AUTHOR OF
"A FRONTIERSMAN."

eminent members—Bishop Stubbs, Bishop Creighton, Dr. S. R. Gardiner, and Lord Acton. The catalogue of published works includes reviews, and even sermons and addresses of a historical character. The only criticism that can be made is that, since the bibliographer included so much, it would have been well to include everything. With all gratitude for Mr. Wetherell's valuable lists of Lord Acton's articles between the years 1860 and 1870, one cannot but feel that it would have been better if every article he wrote had been enumerated. The old readers of the *Academy* who remember how freely and boldly Dr. S. R. Gardiner used to express himself in his reviews of J. L. Motley, J. R. Green, and others will be very glad to have an accessible list of articles. Dr. Creighton in his quiet days at Embleton was also a frequent contributor to the *Academy*, and was occasionally caustic and outspoken enough.

Lord Wolseley's Memoirs, to which I referred some time ago in this column, are to appear in the early autumn. Arrangements have been made for their publication with Messrs. Constable and Co.

A valuable bequest of books by and about William Blake, together with a small framed sketch by him, called "The Warning," has been bequeathed to the Subscription Library in Prince Arthur Road, Hampstead. The collection includes many numbered and signed facsimile copies of Blake's poems as written and illustrated in colours by himself.

Mrs. Pennell is well known as a racy and individual writer, and she will, no doubt, do justice to the Memoir of Mr. Whistler. The artist wrote many kind and gracious letters in his time. One of them has been published in a Scotch paper. It was written to Principal Story after Mr. Whistler had been informed that the University of Glasgow desired to confer on him the degree of LL.D. *in absentia*, as he was too ill to be present at the graduation—

MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge your personally kind letter of yesterday, and I trust that you will convey to the Senate my keen sense of the rare indulgence they are extending to me, in yielding to the peculiar circumstances, and so graciously conferring this high honour in my enforced absence. Pray present my thanks, and accept them yourself, together with my regrets, to the distinguished body who have chosen me as their confrère—than which there can be no greater compliment. I would like to have said to these gentlemen, as a reassurance in their generosity, that, in one way at least, the gods have prepared me for the reception of such dignity, inasmuch as they have kept for me the purest possible strain of Scotch blood—for am I not a McNeill—a McNeill of Barra? And I have the honour to be, my dear sir, your obedient servant—J. MCNEILL WHISTLER.
Chelsea, April 20, 1903.

Mr. T. Burleigh has published an interesting little book on the Doones of Exmoor by Mr. B. J. Rawle. Mr. Rawle inquires whether the Doones of Badgeworthy, that notorious family of outlaws who loomed so large in the pages of Blackmore's famous romance, ever existed in real life. He comes to the conclusion that there is no historical foundation for the stories. The foundation of Mr. Blackmore's work was a tale published in the *Leisure Hour* entitled "The Doones of Exmoor." The tradition, according to Mr. Rawle, is based upon the exploits of the Danes, who, in the eighth and ninth centuries, made descents on the shores of the Severn Sea, raiding the country inland for many miles. Mr. Rawle does not seem to have looked up the story in the *Leisure Hour*, and he seems ignorant of a little story published along with others in book form by Messrs. Sampson Low in this country. If I am not greatly mistaken, the title was "Slain by the Doones." Mr. Rawle says that this story has never appeared. Since Mr. Rawle took so much trouble, it is a pity he did not take enough.

O. O.

"A FRONTIERSMAN."

It was Louis Stevenson who once wrote "I travel for travel's sake. The great affair is to move." This is the key-note in Mr. Roger Pocock's new book, "A Frontiersman," just published by Methuen. Mr. Pocock moves through his pages in stern reality on the very borders of civilisation. It is one long story of travel and adventure, for the greater part over the continent of North America. But it is no ordinary drama. Unkind circumstances drove him away from civilisation to seek an inheritance in the West, where young Pocock attached himself to the "boss" of a gang engaged in building the Canadian Pacific Railway. He would have succeeded here if he had only concentrated his attention on his duty, instead of hunting for amethysts or climbing crags, like a goat, for the sole purpose of reaching the top. We are told some capital stories of life on the Canadian track while it is being made. After fulfilling one or two humble callings, we find him in the Canadian Mounted Police, assisting in quelling the Louis Riel rebellion, from which service he retired with a pension and a frozen foot. The love of wandering, the exciting life of the frontier, had now seized hold of him, and he drifts from one town to another, fulfilling any and every rôle it is possible for a roving man to do. He is never successful—at least, not for long—and never settles down anywhere. He becomes in turn newspaper correspondent amongst the Indian tribes of the great North-West, a trader, and a missionary. In the latter capacity he preached the sinfulness of dirt to a heathen Asiatic tribe at considerable personal risk. But converts were slow, and illicit sealing among the Behring Sea islands with a crew of drunken pirates was far more exciting, if not more profitable. Thence he passes into the mining-camps of Kootenay, in Idaho. Mr. Pocock found the miners irredeemably prejudiced against everything British, and, when he took up journalism and went amongst them with a camera to publish to the world their good points and expose their shortcomings, they mistrusted him and tried to lynch him. After a taste of cowboy life, refreshingly told, Mr. Pocock comes back to London, only to leave again with an expedition for the Klondyke. It was not a success—in fact, it never reached its objective—and the wanderer goes to other scenes to play his part. Finally, the South African War breaks out, and, being at Durban, he joins a regular corps of scouts. Mr. Pocock closes his narrative—a narrative both exciting and thrilling, yet instructive and not lacking in wit and humour—with a sigh: "In the watches of the night one hears again the dip of the paddles, the lash of the surf, the thunder of the horses, the making of Empires. It is better beyond than this scratching of pens, where there are guiding lights ahead—the lights of heaven."

FOUR NEW BOOKS.

"MEMORIES OF VAILIMA."

By ISOBEL STRONG AND
LLOYD OSBOURNE.
(Constable, 3s. 6d.)

A decade, less one year, has elapsed since Robert Louis Stevenson was, as the alliterative poster of a morning contemporary had it, "sepulchred on a Samoan summit," and still the biographical tide remains unstemmed. The memory of the novelist had need to be robust to bear all the loads that affectionate kinship and friendship have laid upon it. The hold that Stevenson's personality had taken on the public imagination naturally enough accounted for the fervour of the reception accorded to the "Vailima Letters" and the subsequent volumes of the novelist's correspondence, and although there were mutterings of displeasure when the last work was followed by two other tomes remarkably resembling their immediate forerunners, without and within; still, for the occasional new glimpses they contained, the books did not lack welcome. And, but a month or two ago, the Rev. John Kelman ably and originally expounded the religion of "R. L. S." Apart from definitely planned books, too, the ephemeral writing round Stevenson has been nowise inconsiderable, and the unwisdom of Henley brought Tusitala's name into the arena of acrid controversy. It might have been well if Stevenson's admirers had been able to do what had to be done biographically in a single compendious work, but the temper of the age renders that a task of increasing difficulty. The author by his death runs the risk of eclipsing his own works. Critical exposition of a literary artist's achievements are now rare indeed. We are all for *personalia*; and the leaders of literary coteries contend and become acid not over delicate *nuances* of their departed hero's style, or knotty interpretations of his meaning, but over the places of his abode, the taverns he frequented, the exact name of the landlady who entertained him, the style and size of his hat, his tiffs, if any, with his publishers, and his favourite mess of pottage, for which he may or may not have sold his birthright. Of course, it may be urged, in defence, that these things are the quintessence of Boswellism; but, then, we have had only one Boswell, and he justified his care for the infinitely little by knowledge and a literary accomplishment by no means contemptible. Our present-day stringers of anecdotes suffer from the Boswellian method without the Boswellian touch, and are consequently undone. In the case of Stevenson, it is impossible to resist the conviction that the biographers are nearing the end of their tether and of the public endurance. What has been already said has very adequately set forth the romancer of "Treasure Island" in all his amiable graciousness. The man is known and loved for his work and for his character, and the mere retailing of isolated instances and scraps of conversation, apart from any definite plan, can accomplish little, if anything, more for his memory. For this reason, we regret in particular the first section ("Vailima Table Talk") of the latest volume of Stevensoniana. In "Memories of Vailima," Mrs. Strong and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne have proved how perilous it is for a man's own kindred to attempt the revelation of him to the world. The notes of "conversations, characteristic sentences, and stories" made by Mrs. Strong are, doubtless, invested for her with just the touch of the living Stevenson that gives them value. That touch is, unfortunately, all too seldom communicated; the anecdote or remark is sometimes that of some other member of the Vailima circle. Even the exceptions hardly justify the book. *Requiescat Tusitala!*

"CARITA."

By EYRE HUSSEY.
ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD
PIFFARD.
(Jacob, 6s.)

Out of familiar, and, indeed, we might even say well-worn elements, Mr. Eyre Hussey has constructed a very readable story of sentiment. We are introduced once more to the unnatural mother who puts out her baby to nurse and then proceeds to commit bigamy at Scarborough; we have the noble, brawny young Englishman who rows in the Leander Eight at Henley; we even visit the Regatta in the company of a troupe of strolling musicians. Notwithstanding his inability, or his deliberate refusal, to rise out of this hackneyed groove of characterisation, Mr. Hussey has created in Carita herself an altogether exquisite and really childlike child. He does not explain how so beautiful a soul contrived to remain beautiful among the sordid surroundings of Ponchester Row. As regards her appearance, the moment we learn that this girl of fifteen possesses a wealth of auburn hair like a lion's mane and an exceptionally high instep we know that she is of no common clay. A rising young artist finds her, and paints a picture of her in a rapt attitude telling a story to the two creatures she loves best in the world, namely, Jinks, a clever little mongrel, and Johnny, her little step-brother—though, of course, we know all the time that the latter is really no relation. For the beauty of this picture we are obliged to take Mr. Hussey's word, but there can be no doubt about the beauty of the girl's affection for these two creatures. Herein the true merit of the story consists. Of the subordinate characters, some pains have been spent on a young lady who inherited a large fortune when she was a child and endeavours to make a very sensible use of it for the benefit of humanity; she is pretty good, and we feel glad when she gets engaged to the artist.

On the whole, however, the troupe of strolling musicians is the best-drawn, after Carita herself, and their little world of jealousies, of vanities, and of real good-comradeship is portrayed with a light yet firm touch. Mr. Harold Piffard has certainly increased the attraction of the book by five full-page drawings of no small merit.

"THE HOUSE ON THE SANDS."

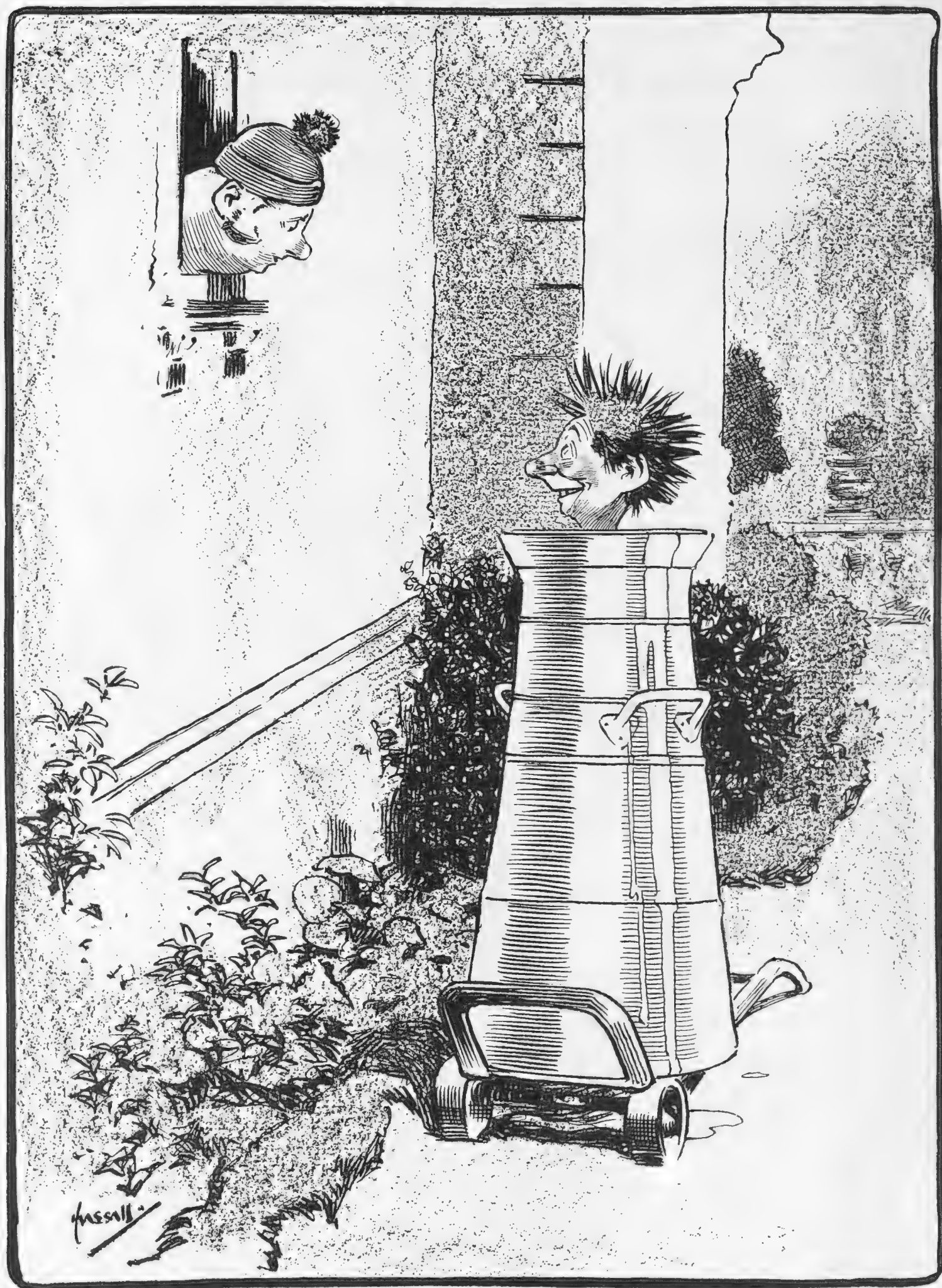
By CHARLES MARRIOTT.
(John Lane, 6s.)

Mr. John Lane, we venture to assert, has fully established his right to the title of the most sanguine publisher in London. Within the last two or three weeks, two novels have been sent forth into the world from the "Bodley Head," each of them highly recommended by the publisher. The first of these, to take them in order of literary merit, is "The House on the Sands." Mr. Charles Marriott, the author, will be remembered as the man who sprang into fame with "The Column," a book that was nothing if not clever, and the cleverness of which was relative to the taste of the reader for epigram. In his new novel, Mr. Marriott begins by being clever and ends by being melodramatic. His melodrama is infinitely preferable, in our opinion, to his cleverness; but, in spite of the murderous maniac and so forth, the story is dull. The characters are not alive. True, they raise their eyebrows, they eye each other narrowly, they shrug their shoulders, they speak with fine scorn, they laugh in unexpected places, and even, on occasion, talk slang; for all that, they are so unreal that it is always an effort to remember which is the villain and which the hero. Here, for example, is a line that we read and re-read five times before we were able to grasp the exact situation: "Julian, whom Tate's monopoly of Audrey left to Lanyon. . . ." One wondered, even after the most careful reading of the preceding pages, who on earth these people were, and yet the whole story revolves round them. Julian, as a matter of fact, is a rising young politician; Tate is a poet; Lanyon is a misanthropical hermit; and Audrey is Lanyon's mistress. Julian falls in love with Audrey, and Lanyon shoots Tate in mistake for Julian. "And the moral of that is," if you are a rising young politician, it is highly inadvisable to fall in love with another man's mistress. At any rate, Mr. Charles Marriott makes Julian resign his position in the Cabinet on account of the scandal aroused by Tate's murder. By the way, there is one other character of importance. This is Michal (they all have names like that), Julian's sister. Michal, you see, is in love with Tate, but she will not marry him until Julian is married, because, with all that unselfishness common to sisters the world over, she holds that her brother has the first claim on her life. Despite its faults, however, the book is finely conceived and well written. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Marriott will insist on adopting a superior, out-of-the-world sort of tone. People don't talk to each other in beautifully polished sentences; they don't all have high ideals and strong faces: they don't pose and strike attitudes from morning to night. Mr. Marriott would be well-advised to glance through the works of George Eliot. Man cannot live by Meredith alone.

"THE MS. IN A RED BOX."

(John Lane, 6s.)

The second of Mr. Lane's "scoops" is this "MS. in a Red Box" that we have heard so much about. We need hardly remind our readers that the MS. arrived at the "Bodley Head" in a red box, no name, address, or title being attached to the manuscript. The story is a cut-and-thrust romance of the Fen district, the period being the earlier part of the seventeenth century. The literary style of the author leads us to suppose that the novel comes from the pen of some hard-riding, diffident country gentleman who has been spending his wet days and his winter evenings in concocting this amateurish little tale. Doubtless he possesses a decent library, probably he lives in the Fen district, and it would seem that he is interested in the history of the neighbourhood. For the rest, the story would have been eminently suited to the *Boy's Own Paper* or some similar publication. Every chapter contains a brush or skirmish of some kind, and sudden deaths occur as easily and frequently as any blood-thirsty young ruffian could desire. The hero of the yarn, "the young Squire of Belwood," has so many undeserved escapes that it is quite a relief when one of his enemies catches him and performs a surgical operation on his nose. Not that the experience cured him of his love for fighting. No experience, short of actual death, could have done that. On one occasion, for instance, he took the young lady with whom he was in love for a midnight walk. As was usual whenever he poked his nose out of doors, a crowd pursued them armed with sticks and stones and guns. The young Squire, nothing daunted, retired with the lady to an empty mill and fired at the rabble with his pistol. The lady was struck with a stone, he himself was wounded in the arm with a knife, and then the crowd, sportsmen all, set fire to the mill. In the nick of time—the young Squire had made a corner in sheer coincidences—the Head Constable rode into view, followed by a posse of young men. "Then the crowd," says this shy author, "fled a dozen different ways, and I carried my fainting lady into the midst of a group of cheering, laughing friends." No wonder the friends laughed! So did we.



THE RUSH TO THE COUNTRY.

FARMER BROWN (*to Cockney Labourer*): What are you doing in that milk-can, you fool?

'ARRY 'ARRIS: Well, Guv'nor, it's like this 'ere. I've bin ticklin' the old dog's nose wiv a feather, and 'e looks uncommon like breakin' 'is chain.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



THE MORNING AFTER.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

LIFE IN OUR VILLAGE.

BY GUNNING KING



XI.—"THE POSTMAN."



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE CANDLESTICKS.

By L. PARRY TRUSCOTT.



The candlesticks—there were two of them, and they were really fine specimens of old Sheffield plate—stood on a mahog-

any sideboard that was certainly out of proportion in size to the cottage parlour it half filled. But as a monument to the industry of Mrs. Barber, and the women of her house for several past generations, its high state of polish served an admirable purpose, and as a support to the candlesticks it could not have been improved upon. Together they shared the envious respect of the village, but to Mrs. Barber herself the candlesticks were always "the thing."

"Mahogany furniture's well enough," she would say, feigning a carelessness in appreciation she hardly felt, "but it takes a sight of elbow-grease to make it look anything particular; and as for dusting, sometimes I feel like clearing the whole lot of old sticks out for what they'd fetch, just to save the dusting, for Dad and me don't sit in this room once in a blue moon—Dad, he can't a-bear it. What is it now? You gets up extry early and gives the place a sweep out and a rub round, and you dusts the bits of chiney and things and opens the door to let in enough of God's fresh air to liven it up and make it smell sweet and wholesome, and come a dusty day and they bicycles a-passing, and a waggon or two, and by night the dust is a-lying on everything fit to make you cry. There isn't a night as I couldn't write my name in the dust on that there old sideboard if I'd a mind for such fiddle-faddle, and there isn't a morning as I don't give it a rub-up as takes more time than it's worth, and sometimes I ask myself, 'What's the good of it all?' But there, it just comes of being a woman born into this world to do the same thing from everlasting to everlasting, if that's not a sinful way of speaking. Not as I'd complain, for there's some as hasn't a stick to bless themselves with, and I shouldn't wonder as they'd be ready to envy me doing my bit of dusting. But they candlesticks, they shine so easy it's a real pleasure to clean 'em. I mind, when I was turned seven year, my old mother, she let me clean 'em for a birthday treat. 'You be careful,' she says, 'and if I see a scratch upon 'em as hasn't been always there as long as I remember, I'll be like to give you a good hiding.' Well, I don't think the old girl would find any scratch she didn't recognise as before my time upon 'em yet, and I'm thinking a penny for every cleaning I've given 'em wouldn't be a sum to be sneezing at. . . . Made of something they puts more value to than silver, they are, so they tells me now. My old mother, she died thinking 'em silver, and in my young days there was nothing at all set above silver, excepting of gold. But things are different since I was a gal, and perhaps I've done my share of changing too, for I don't so much care what they're called, though it's enough to make my old mother turn in her grave to hear 'em spoken of as not silver after all these years. But it seems they're worth a fine lot of money, whatever they be. The times folks have come in—just folks a-passing—and worried the life out of me to sell 'em! They're for my boy, I tells 'em. When I'm gone and his father's gone, they candlesticks will be his and he can do as he likes with 'em then. He, being a young man, may like to sell 'em—I can't say about that; but I shan't be here to have a hand in it, and, as for me selling of 'em, I'm thinking my old mother'd get up from

churchyard to haunt me if I were to sell they candlesticks she set such store by. Nor I wouldn't rob my son, as is the only one left of eight to follow me. Born he was when all the rest was a-lying in their little graveses and long after I'd give away their bits of clotheses, and, if I'm anyhow silly like over him, you must excuse me, but part with they candlesticks I couldn't. And for the money"—the old face would sadden and she would pause in her long tale to slowly, monotonously shake her grey head—"we all knows as money is mighty little good to some. They can't help it—likely they're made so—but money melts when they touch it like butter melts in the sun, and precious little good done to anyone. But they candlesticks—well, well, I means to keep 'em, let folks worrit ever so. My Jim can do as he likes when I've give 'em a last cleaning—I'm thinking he won't want what they'll fetch less when he's old than when he's young, and when he's old I shan't be here to screw him out a few shillings now and again when things are tightish. Not that I haven't felt tempted to sell 'em and done with it," she would add, in self-defence. "For I do hate a-being worried, and always about the same thing. I'm sick of saying as they're not for sale—fair sick of it; but that won't make me sell 'em—nothing won't . . . unless my Jimmy—but, there, Jim, he's as proud of 'em same as I be: he'd never ask it of me: he might be a bit hard-up, but he'd find some other way—he'd never ask it of me, and, besides, what'd Dad say? Dad's a proud man when he's roused, and when he says a thing he means it, and when he puts his foot down there's no good of argufying with him. And I'm thinking he'd be for putting his foot down pretty tight about they candlesticks before it came to selling 'em. . . ."

Yet one day the sideboard stood bare, robbed of its ornaments; but not, after all, because some treasure-seeker had gained his desire and carried them off, and not because of the present necessities of Jim.

"I was fair sick of being worried, and I couldn't stand it a day longer," Mrs. Barber said, in explanation; "so I've just put 'em away, and there they'll be now till I be took off, and then my Jimmy he can do as he likes with 'em." Whether she had grown frightened at the temptation to part with them pressing more closely on her with the growth of Jim's needs, or whether her simple statement covered the whole situation, it is hard to say, but, at any rate, the candlesticks lay in banishment in a box under her bed. All the old flannel petticoats she could spare helped to wedge them in and keep them from "scratching," and any further "worrying" on the part of straying treasure-seekers was successfully put an end to. How she filled up the time she had been accustomed to spend on cleaning them she did not say. For she no longer cleaned them; the fact that the box containing them was carefully nailed down and labelled "For my dere son jim" prevented that.

During that summer Jim paid the old couple a flying visit—a seedy, out-at-elbows Jim, lacking even a touch of his mother's cheery, long-spoken good-nature or his father's independence of spirit. Mrs. Barber told half the village that his first words had been, "Why, hallo, mother, where are your precious candlesticks?"—and seemed to find inexhaustible humour and cleverness in the remark. "My old mother, she'd have been fair pleased," she added, "for she set no end of store by they candlesticks."

Mr. Barber, who looked as if he might well live another twenty years, making light of the accomplishment, died quite unexpectedly during the extreme cold of the following winter, and then the old woman lived on in the cottage alone, growing a little more bent and worn with every month, a changed and drooping figure pitiful to see. But people said it was not her husband's unlooked-for death that had

wrought the sudden alteration in her; that it had begun before that happened. There were some who professed to set apart a day in their memories when Mrs. Barber withered without warning, yet with no signs of definite disease.

Frail and broken as she was, she lived for several years, and every year Jim paid her the accustomed flying visit. Although she looked feverishly forward to these occasions, they left her so worn-out that her friends considered them of doubtful benefit, and Jim, who was no favourite in his native village, added nothing to his reputation in this way. "He comes for what he can get," they said; "he's afraid of they candlesticks a-melting, maybe." And certainly the conversation between Jim and his mother circled principally round the candlesticks, but not apparently so much because Jim wished it as because his mother seemed unable to concentrate her attention on any other subject.

"You'll like they candlesticks when I'm gone, Jimmy," she would say, her faded eyes shifting uneasily about the room, out of the window, anywhere but on her son, and her thin voice breaking a little. "You'll be able to sell 'em if you're a-wanting to, and I shan't be minding either." Jim would doggedly try to turn the current of her thoughts, but it was never any good for more than a minute at a time.

And then, one day, Jim Barber, a careless but not unloving son, knelt at his mother's bedside and she was dying.

"Get out the box, Jimmy," she whispered; "let me just look on the box once again, my dear." He had to set the box on a chair, and even then she could not see it, but she could still lift a wasted hand to feel its rough deal lid and fumble for the label nailed there.

"I put 'em away, Jimmy, to save me from being everlastingly

a-worried, five year ago come Harvesting. I wrapped 'em up and I nailed 'em down, and I put your name on top, so as there shouldn't be no chance of anyone's mistaking who they belonged to in case of me being took sudden. Five year ago I done it, Jimmy—and it ain't been 'undone since."

"Mother—mother! I—God forgive me for a cowardly——!"

"Jimmy, dear heart, hush! Your old mother, she spoilt you, silly like, but she done it for love only. Eight little graveses in churchyard, and you, as healthy a babe as ever I see, sent to me when I'd give away all their little clotheses and dried my eyes and settled down to live 'long of Dad for the rest of my days without any little ones to light the way for us and keep our hearts from cooling, and then you come——! And your way is harder now, Jimmy, because I spoilt you. They always said I did—Dad, he said so too, and it was none of his work—but I did it for love. All the love left over from they others and all your own I give you—it's yours now, Jimmy—and, lad, let it help you when I'm gone. Be a good lad—it can't never be too late, my dear—and don't punish your old mother for ever and ever for what she's done. I won't ask you to promise, Jimmy—promises are mighty easy broken—but try, dear lad; just keep on trying." She paused, and moved her hand from her son's grasp to touch the box once more.

"They candlesticks have always been the same as your own, Jimmy, and the box hasn't been opened once these five years."

She did not die just then, but those were the last words she was given breath to speak. And those words were a lie—God help her!

For the box had been opened twice, as Jim Barber knew. Once when, alone, he opened it to steal the candlesticks; and once when, alone also, his mother opened it to verify her suspicion of the theft.



[DRAWN BY OSCAR WILSON.]

"Mother—mother! I—God forgive me for a cowardly——!"

"THE CANDLESTICKS."



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THOSE of us who know anything about the "inside working" of theatres in general, and of Old Drury in particular, of course long ago knew that the County Council had for some time kept one or other of its search-light optics upon this old-established dramatic temple. Indeed, I could at this very moment, did space—and policy—permit, tell more than one quaint story of the "L.C.C.'s" deputed representatives and Old Drury. Especially could I relate a little narrative as to certain "L.C.C." myrmidons who *would* call at all sorts of strange doors and at all kinds of inconvenient times. Mr. Collins and his equally ever-unruffled lieutenant, Mr. Sidney Smith, were, of course, always ready for all "emergency calls"—County Council or otherwise; whereas a certain young Manager, not very far away, lately lost control of his hitherto well-commanded temper, and, on one of the aforesaid "L.C.C." inspectors insisting upon interfering with the theatre arrangements while some question of the play was to be considered, that young Manager proceeded (as a certain class of reporters love to say) "to administer summary and condign chastisement." But the humour of this "incident" was, that on the young Manager being (by his own request) commanded to appear before the "L.C.C.," that august body found that, owing to the provocation given to the Managerial chastiser, the "inspector" in question had only received a punishing that "served him right."

As to the scenery of Old Drury's new melodrama—I beg pardon, "melo-farce"—there is, of course, no need for Mr. Cecil Raleigh, as play-maker, or for Mr. Arthur Collins, as play-producer, to be in any wise "influenced" by that other big "realisation" of Frith's Railway Station picture, which was first presented on any stage at this very theatre in Andrew Halliday's drama entitled "The Great City." Mr. Collins could, of course, laugh to scorn such "staging" as the late F. B. Chatterton then vouchsafed at Old Drury even in so striking a scene as this seemed in those days—say, some seven-and-thirty years ago. Yet well do I remember that, even in those early days of "realistic melodrama," Drury Lane patrons were wont to wax enthusiastic over such "realism." In this drama of Halliday's we youthful playgoers were enthusiastic both as regards the realistic

scenery, and especially the Real Hansom Cab (the first on any stage), and as regards the acting. This harmless, necessary factor was supplied principally by William McIntyre as Mogg (a convict), Charles Harcourt as Arthur Carrington, Miss Le Thièrre as Mrs. Maudray, J. C. Cowper as Blount, and Fred Villiers (brother of Mr. Edwin Villiers, Director of the London Pavilion, &c.) as a quaint but intense Jew named Mendez. All these players in that first of Drury Lane modern melodramas are dead. So, also, is one of the leading critics, who, writing of this early lauded modern melodrama, said, "'Great City'—Great Rubbish!" Two important and then very young members of the cast of "The Great City" are not only surviving, but are also at the very top of the histrionic tree. These are respectively Mr. Charles Warner and Miss Madge Robertson, now Mrs. Kendal.

The only point where there is likely to be the least dramatic or scenic resemblance in the next Drury Lane drama's Frith "Railway Station" picture to that used in "The Great City" is that, as at present arranged, Mr. Cecil Raleigh in "The Flood-Tide" takes all his characters off in the train then leaving the station. I am glad to find Raleigh resolving to use fewer scenes than hitherto for the exploitation of his "episodes," whether of the horsey or the "House"-y kind; also that the most recently engaged impersonators of the *dramatis personæ* include Mr. J. H. Barnes (who rendered good service here aforetime) and the Earl of Rosslyn. I take it that Lord Rosslyn will not adopt his full style and title on the bill of the play, seeing that it is not so very long ago that his Lordship expressed his extreme anxiety that no paragraphist or play-noticer should allude to him except under his professional (and family) name of "James Erskine."

Doubtless some little time before Mr. Cecil Raleigh's modern "melo-farce" is submitted at Drury Lane, we shall have presented to us at the Comedy the prolific Mr. Clyde Fitch's American-made social satire, "The Climbers," which I fully described in *The Sketch* on that play's first production on any stage in America. Mr. Frank Curzon has arranged that this one of his many West-End theatres should be secured by Messrs. Reeves Smith and Sydney Valentine for the first London production of "The Climbers."



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS THE MAD DOCTOR IN "THE SOOTHING SYSTEM," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W. (See "The Stage from the Stalls.")

KEY-NOTES

WHY will enterprising Companies not leave the musical critics to the peace of a brief holiday at the end of a particularly trying season? Surely the Concert Season that is dead and the Opera Season that is over have been the heaviest known for many a long year. One remembers the tale of four concerts and an opera to be told of one day. Then there came the sign of a blessed period of peace; one began to tick off the calendar day by day, like any schoolboy, as the holidays gradually approached. But the period of peace is not to be; and, well in the month of August, the Opera will open again, under the auspices of Mr. Neil Forsyth and Mr. Frank Rendle, for an Autumn Season which once more introduces the Moody-Manners Company to London. No doubt the audiences will be large, and everybody seems to have expectations of a financially prosperous season. There should be some special provision made out of that profit to go as a *solatium* to the critics who have written the bitterest words about the whole season. That would ensure more or less honest criticism, and would be in the nature of righteous compensation. There would be no suspicion of chicken and champagne.

The critic, having thus expounded his personal grumble, may go on to say that the scheme so far issued to the public is one which seems eminently suited to an Autumn Season. There is the usual modicum of Gounod, of Bizet, and the rest; there is the new prize-opera; there are singers well known in this country; and the chorus, one is assured, has been most carefully selected and trained. It is, of course, "English, English all the way," and, although the accepted English translations of many of the operas are but sorry stuff, the principle which has been laid down in the matter is good enough.

The thought brings one naturally to the general subject of translations of operas. It should be considered a definite matter of necessity that, if an opera be given in English, the language should, at all events, not be undignified; or, if even that condition be considered too much, that such language should not descend to the level of burlesque. Yet where will you find a well-used translation of any opera which is not absolutely full of misbegotten phrases that are the scorn even of the most mild amateur of letters? Perhaps the worst translation of all, among the versions generally employed, is that of "Faust." The language assigned to Mephistopheles is particularly bad. The Garden Scene, owing to its burlesque English, is a perpetual source of merriment. "Carmen," as we know it in our tongue, is not so bad as "Faust," but it is bad enough in all conscience. Other operas translations of which have to be used fare as badly; the only popular work thoroughly well translated and admirably adapted for stage use of which the present writer is aware is "Pagliacci." The translation of that was written by Mr. F. E. Weatherly, who, as

everybody knows, has an extremely pretty style in light verse. It is a vast pity that a man of real literary attainments is not set to a general revision of the ridiculous texts used all England over in the production of English Opera.

If, looking back again at the late Opera Season at Covent Garden, one had to make a choice as to its most striking event, passing over the performances of the "Ring" with which that season opened, one would certainly select the interpretations of "Don Giovanni." At last the powers that be had come to the conclusion that Mozart was not worth doing if he were not done well. The result was that the

masterpiece was interpreted amid really beautiful surroundings, so that the essential dignity and greatness of the work could not be missed. Thus the work came back to us in the garments of its everlasting youth; for eternally youthful that work undoubtedly is. It never palls; but so essential to it is a really fine interpretation that, as in the case of Wagner, the work itself grows old—incredibly old—if it is not given with real responsibility and with utter sincerity. Such must be the case with all the greatest musical works of the world. The cheaper forms can live mechanical lives; their mechanism can be set a-going at a moment's notice—the marionettes will jump to the string, and it does not matter much if they jump awry—but the immortality of great music can only retain its youth if it is accosted on all sides with the uttermost respect, bar for bar, note for note.



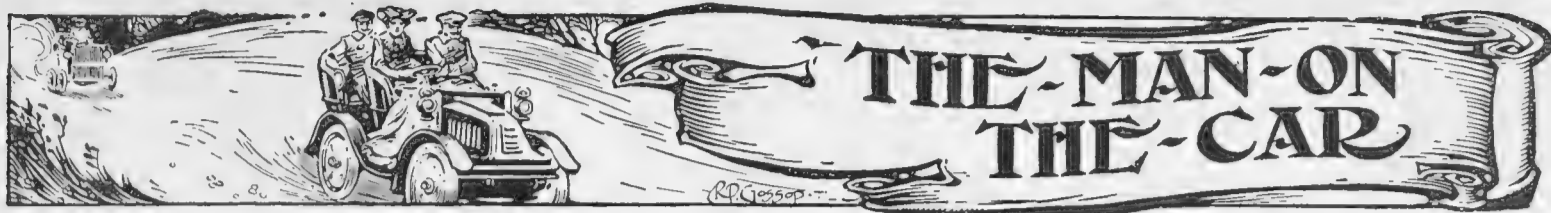
MR. AND MRS. KENNERLEY RUMFORD (MISS CLARA BUTL) AND MISS JOY CLARA RUMFORD.

From a Photograph just taken by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

narrowly overlapping the London Autumn Concert Season, will claim attention. These are always of the highest interest. They mark how through the country the art of music has been cherished or neglected, fostered or coldly treated; they are a sort of thermometer to the musical temperature of the outlying parts of England. Has not Dr. Elgar himself told us that the centre of music is not in London? Though one may not believe that, it is still certain that these Provincial Festivals are extremely important, by reason of one supreme fact—that they encourage the creative faculties of contemporary musicians. Some of the best work of our native musicians has seen light during one or other of these gatherings.

Elgar himself will be represented by a new work at the Birmingham Festival this year, as has been recorded before. "The Apostles," as it is called, represents, one understands, this great musician in his most complex, authoritative, and authentic mood. Perhaps, one also hears, it will require time for its full appreciation; but, if one may judge by precedent, time is not likely to do aught but justify the work of our greatest English composer.

COMMON CHORD.



The Motor Bill—To Work Out Horse-power—Alcohol as a Carburetting Agent.

AT the moment of writing, it looks as if the Motor-Cars Bill is likely to be stifled by amendments. If it can be amended, out of existence, so much the better for automobilists in general, who, as things promise from the tone of the Lower House, look like having each and every one of their liberties wrenched from them and existing in future only on the sufferance of the narrow-minded, unprogressive bigots whose motorphobia has been signalled from magisterial benches all up and down the country. If the speed-limit, whether twenty or twenty-five miles per hour, is to obtain, it is better for us all that the Bill should drop, and that we should continue to exist under the infliction of police-traps and clumsy timing, which are rapidly inculcating in our hitherto honest police a facility of mendacity of which we have been proud to think they were free. There is one amendment which serves to show how far the motorphobes will go if

and the stroke—that is, the full travel of the piston—in centimètres, together with the number of revolutions per minute at which the engine runs normally. Then, if half the bore in centimètres is multiplied by itself—or squared, to use the proper term—the result of this multiplication, multiplied by the stroke in centimètres, and this result multiplied again by the number of revolutions per minute, you will have figures which, divided by 1000 and divided again by 75, will give you the horse-power of your engine as nearly as may be. Of course, it will be understood that, if the engine is run faster than the normal, the horse-power is correspondingly increased.

Mr. R. J. Mecedry is anxious to attract another crowd of automobilists to Ireland again next year, and suggests that an international race for cars propelled by alcohol should be held over the



DEEP-SEA MOTORING.

DRAWN BY R. C. CARTER.

they are only given rope enough, and that is the proposition to give power to County or Borough Councils to prohibit certain roads to motor-cars. Having had evidence in full of the sort of people who form the majority of these Councils—*vide* the Berks Jury who would insist upon strewing the roads with broken glass—we are conscious of the use to which such a clause as this would be put; and, reviewing the whole matter by the light of probabilities, we hope next to hear that the Government have dropped the Bill.

Automobilists frequently ask me how they may work out the horse-power of their engines for themselves, without accepting blindly the statements as to this from the agents of the manufacturers from whom they purchase their cars. Now, "horse-power" is a very elastic term, and may be arrived at in several ways, each of which the amateur will find, to his amazement, will give different results; but the simple calculation which I give hereunder, and which everybody who has not lost all count of his mathematics can compute for himself, will provide a very satisfactory reply, on the whole. To work the formulæ it is necessary to know the internal bore of the cylinder

Irish Cup course. His grounds for this proposal are the very sound ones that we do not know a bit where we are with regard to the future of petrol, and that, the sooner we arrive at the position of using a spirit which can be produced within our own borders at a cost of about tenpence a gallon from roots and grain, the sooner shall we feel independent and comfortable with regard to the means of our propulsion, for which we are at present entirely dependent upon the foreigner. It is true that, if all restrictions were removed from the production of industrial alcohol, and a denaturing substance used therewith which, while rendering it impotent, would not damage valves, pistons, and cylinder-walls, a vast industry would open up before the British and Irish farmers, who are at present stated to be such virulent opponents of automobilism. As has been proved in France, alcohol is equal or nearly equal to '680 petroleum-spirit as a carburetting agent, and the French Government have already shown their anxiety to popularise its employment in lieu of oil-spirit. Our own authorities, if not too purblind, might perceive herein a means of ameliorating the present position of the tiller of the soil, which would be infinitely preferable all round to the promotion of repressive measures.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

"Northern Circuit"—The King—Goodwood—Derby and Oaks.

ON Friday opens what is grandiloquently called the "Northern Circuit"—a number of meetings that embrace Redcar, York, Stockton, and Doncaster. Grouse-shooting takes many men North at this time of the year, and big house-parties are always given for this series of meetings by the various great landlords of the districts, so that the Society side of the functions is always well maintained.

At Redcar, on Friday, the 27th Kirkleatham Biennial may be won by Lord Dunraven's Tamasha; the Redcar Two-Year-Old Stakes by Kilmorna colt, who can claim a 13-lb. breeding allowance; the 26th Kirkleatham Biennial by Gilbert Orme. On Saturday, the Wilton Plate may be won by Orme Shore, and the National Breeders' Foal Stakes by Dropmore. At Stockton next Tuesday the Wynyard Plate may go to Islesman.

The "Yorkshire roar" at Doncaster will be louder than usual this year, for the King is going to the races twice or thrice. His Majesty is to be entertained by Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey, and many good judges think the pleasure of his visit will be enhanced by the forward running of his colt, Mead, in the St. Leger. What the "roar" will be like should the Royal colours be carried past the post first can only be conjectured. Lord Savile became second Baron on the death of his uncle in 1896. He is a son of the late Rev. Frederick Savile-Lumley, Rector of Bilsthorpe. In 1894, Lord Savile married

The entries for the Derby and Oaks of 1905 were remarkable, in the first instance, for the omission of all nominations for the former race from Sir J. B. Maple. This omission was subsequently rectified, and at the same time other nominations were published for the two great races. Although not quite up to the numerical strength of some previous years, all the big breeders and owners are naturally represented, so nothing is wanting on that score. The King has five for the Derby and four for the Oaks, those in the first-named race being three colts by Persimmon, one by Orme, and one by Orion. Other big nominators are Mr. J. Platt, Mr. R. Brice, Mr. Simons Harrison, Lord Clonmell, the Duke of Portland, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and Sir J. B. Maple. The worthy Member for Dulwich is represented by five—two Royal Hamptons, two Commons, and one Persimmon. The Duke of Portland and Lord Rosebery go one better, one of the Duke's half-dozen being Ormsby, by Orme—La Roche. Lord Howard de Walden names three—two by Isinglass and one by Ladas. French and American nominations are many.

CAPTAIN COE.

The English team captained by Mr. P. F. Warner will leave on Sept. 25 for Australia. While not so representative as might have been wished, it is strong both in batsmen and bowlers, and may be relied upon to give our kinsmen across the seas a good game. The controversy among cricketers as to the captaincy of the team has come to an end, for, as the "M.C.C." announced that they had selected Mr. Warner from the first and had in no way qualified their selection, little remained to be said. Mr. Warner is a true sportsman and a sterling cricketer. At Rugby School and at Oxford he gained distinction as a batsman, and he is also a fairly good bowler. Last season he was unable to assist Middlesex on all occasions, but he played in twelve matches and came out third in the batting list, with an average of 27.52. That, however, was a wet summer, and on slow wickets Mr. Warner is not seen at his best. The hard and fast Australian wickets should suit his style of play, and the position of Middlesex at the top of the County list this season, owing in no small degree to his captaincy, is sufficient proof of his abilities as a leader.

That section of Society which delights in yachting can look back this year to having enjoyed an exceptionally successful and pleasant Cowes Week. Every house in the vicinity of the charming Isle of Wight yachting-town was filled with a distinguished company, and the King and Queen, as is their wont, were remarkably gracious and kindly to the large circle of fair women and brave men who constitute the yachting world. The absence of the Princess of Wales, who is enjoying a holiday in Switzerland, was, of course, deplored; but the Prince of Wales, who is never seen to better advantage than when in a nautical atmosphere, was the guest of his parents on the Royal Yacht, and the venerable figure of the Empress Eugénie added a pathetic touch to the brilliant scenes daily enacted both on shore and on sea.



MR. P. F. WARNER,
WHO IS TO CAPTAIN THE ENGLISH TEAM IN
AUSTRALIA.
Photograph by Hawkins, Brighton.

Mrs. Helyar, widow of Mr. Horace Helyar, of Coker Court, Somerset. Sporting blood is in his veins, for one of his uncles, Mr. Henry Savile, bred and owned Cremorne, which won the Derby and Grand Prix de Paris in 1872.

Progress is the spirit of the age, and at last those responsible for the management of the Goodwood Meeting are moving. For many years the stand accommodation has been inadequate to the demand, and now the old buildings are being demolished. Under the direction of Lord March, and by the consent of the Duke of Richmond, who is very desirous of upholding the traditions of the meeting, the improvements are now under way. Mr. Joe Davis, of Hurst Park, was consulted as to the reconstruction, and the new stand will be after the pattern of that at Molesey. The Press Box, which will be as near perfection as possible, will be near the weighing-room and telegraph-office. The architect is Mr. A. J. Henderson, of Thames Ditton.



REGATTA WEEK AT COWES: SMALL YACHTS RACING CLOSE IN TO THE SHORE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

TO anyone with a taste for classifying fellow-mortals and hanging mental labels about their necks, as it were, the present season of baggage, bags, and hand-boxes offers unlimited opportunities of amusement if one is station-bound between dropping out of one train and picking up another, as so often happens, with half-an-hour between. There is the middle-aged *viveur*, with sallow skin and purple-ringed eyes, hastening off to Carlsbad or Homburg, where early rising and moderate meals, coupled with "the waters," are to wash away another Season's dinners and diversions. There are the plain parents and the unwholesome-looking half-dozen of City children off to the recuperating ozone of a British watering-place, via third class; there is the well-gowned matron, with footman, pugs, and dressing-bag, looking scornfully at everybody else who presumes to live; the lean, brown sportsman of golf-clubs and gun going North amongst heather and bilberries for "the Twelfth"; and the well-turned-out Transatlantic damsel of twenty trunks and unlimited conversation, who wonders if, perchance, he is making tracks for the same smart country-house to which she has been—as the result of extreme diplomacy—invited. Fifty other types, too, hurry by, to which, without the possibility of error, one can attach fifty descriptive particulars if so minded, until one's own special pigeon-hole approaches with a rush and great fuss of smoke and slamming doors, and one is bundled in and borne off on one's own particular holiday happenings intent.

Tartans have just appeared as the correct accompaniment of autumn days in the country. This they certainly are, more especially in the North, but, on the other hand, are equally unsuitable for town or seaside, so their use by those who know how to dress must always be restricted. Frenchwomen wear checks, as most things, well; and, as usual, the present "spurt" in tartans comes over Channel, where clans and their hereditary colouring are disregarded in favour of less

pronounced contrasts than the Stuart, the MacGregor, the Lovat, or any Gaelic combination of full tones offer. One delightful little frock that I travelled up to Berwickshire with last week came from Paris via Kate Reily, of Dover Street, and was made up of sweet-pea colourings in dull, soft blues and pinkish mauve. The coat was faced with a



A FASHIONABLE COAT IN PALE CLOTH.

[Copyright.]

plain blue cloth, made close-fitting and long-skirted; the skirt itself, short and plain, was beautifully cut. A toque in silk of similar tones was puckered up in glorified Tam-o'-Shanter fashion and pierced with an eagle's wing-feather. A white cloth skirt and blouse-coat costume was lined, belted, and hatted with Sutherland tartan; and a third dainty walking-dress was of vivid crimson cloth, with cravat, lapels, and coat-cuffs of black taffetas. This latter, though extremely picturesque, would hardly do for the moors, however, where birds are shy of gaily hued bipeds.

I have also seen autumn tweed gowns for colder days trimmed with moleskin and pony, but the actual effect of a dress trimmed with fur never seems so good in my eyes as the independent garment to which furs are detachable and separate accompaniments. If tardy dry weather makes its appearance at last, we shall not need those fascinating silk waterproofs which have been recently and appropriately introduced during the deluges and downpours of last month. Still, the colourings are so delicately pretty as almost to beguile one to a purchase, and certainly no one going North of the Tweed should be without one. There are beguiling military coats in white tweed for driving as another invention of extravagance too, and the heather-coloured versions so useful for more common and garden, or rather, moorland wear. The gorgeous appearance of the military coat depends mainly, after cut is considered, on its buttons. These are of excessive and increasing size and elaboration. Extreme skill and taste have been expended on the buttons of this autumn season, fringes and buttons being the accepted forms of embellishment.



[Copyright.]

A GRACEFUL FROCK FOR FÊTE OR GARDEN-PARTY.

The "cussedness" and contrariety of circumstances are never more apparent than at two certain seasons of the year, when men and women are on pleasure bent and shaking the dust of the work-a-day from their devoted feet. That Christmas thoughts of festive days and evenings can be tempered, not to say damped, by the inevitable sheaf of Christmas "accounts" is a classic fact. That late summer brings similar reminders just as the last strap is being fastened on the luggage is no less true. Having weathered the



Photograph by the Artistic Photo Co.

CAPT. J. MYBURGH KRUGER (A RELATIVE OF THE EX-PRESIDENT).



[Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.]

MISS EDITH CONSTANCE LLOYD, DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. J. P. LLOYD.

MARRIED ON JULY 23 AT ALL SOULS', LANGHAM PLACE.

income, property, dog, man-servant, road-paving, School Board, and other interesting and highly useful taxes, a full gale rushes about one's head, showering more personal matters of dressmakers, doctors, dentists, wine-merchants, and heaven knows what other unconsidered and long-forgotten unpaid-for incidentals besides. Now, there are two classes of debtors in this world—as, indeed, of everything else. One treats all such unpleasantnesses as bills with the easy disdain of Meissonier's out-at-elbows Cavalier. The other sort takes them as tragedies and transforms them into spectres that haunt by night and shadow by day, which is an equally mistaken attitude. If bills interfere with one's comfort, they should not be allowed to exist, and the golden rule is, do without what cannot be paid for. But, as not one in fifty-five will adopt that simple but drastic plan of life, the other fifty-four must go on girding at Fate and skating over the thin ice of credit until the patience of the patient creditor stretches to breaking-point at last and the Gehenna of the self-indulgent casts them into well-deserved outer darkness.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. G. K. (Johannesburg).—Replying to your letter of July 7, there is evidently a mistake. *The Sketch* does not charge five shillings, or any other sum, for replies to correspondents. The "published rules" to which you refer must therefore apply to some other paper. Your postal-order has been returned. And now for the answer to your queries. (1) The hostess is taken down by the man of highest rank, who sits, naturally, on her right, just as the woman who takes precedence of other guests goes down with the host and is placed on his right. (2) Should so unusual a circumstance occur as the proposal of a toast at a private dinner, *only* the men would rise.

EFFENDI (Savoy).—It is not usual for the men to smoke between the courses at dinner, but it has been and is done at some houses, so your informant was quite correct.

SYBIL.

COUPON TICKET.

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Aug. 12, 1903.

Signature.....

A NOTABLE WEDDING.

ON Thursday, July 23, at All Souls', Langham Place, the marriage took place of Captain J. Myburgh Kruger, S.A.C., a relative of ex-President Kruger, and Miss Edith Constance Lloyd, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Lloyd, Brynhyfryd, Blaenanerch, Cardigan. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. J. E. Lloyd, St. Michael's, Aberystwyth (brother of the bride), and the Rev. J. Hind Farmer, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Ashton-under-Lyne. Dr. Williamson (brother-in-law of the bride) gave her away, and Captain Pearson, of the Lancashire Fusiliers, was best man. The reception was held at the Langham Hotel, where a large number of relatives and friends of the bride and bridegroom assembled. The honeymoon is being spent on the Continent, and Captain and Mrs. Kruger will leave for Swaziland about the beginning of September.

An old-world garden of ancient stone walls, the remains of a Cistercian Abbey founded in 1143, where grow the stately cedar and yew and the well-trimmed hedge, is an ideal setting for a pastoral play. Such is the garden at Boxley Abbey, near Maidstone, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Seymour, who promoted and organised the charming open-air play recently performed by a Company of accomplished amateurs. The play chosen was "Lady Laura's Land," music by F. Pascall, libretto by F. W. Broughton, but much extraneous matter was introduced, notably Lane Wilson's old English melodies as choruses and dances. The mediæval costumes worn by the chorus were made by members of the Company from old drawings, and the effect was exceedingly picturesque in this wonderful old garden, where at every turn one glances round in expectation of meeting Rosalind or Malvolio. The principals were Miss Grace Marshan, Miss Mairi Clark, Mr. Spenser-Smith, Mr. J. C. Black, and Mr. Evelyn Seymour.

The Midland Railway Company have issued a new illustrated handbook on the subject of excursions in North Derbyshire. It contains particulars of all the arrangements made for the benefit of tourists to this pretty corner of the kingdom about which prose-writers and poets have discoursed and historians written. The book, which is profusely illustrated and annotated with practical guide-notes, may be had on application to any Midland agent. The Midland also announce the running of additional evening trains from St. Pancras to Scotland at 7.30 and 8.30 p.m. respectively.

Few books attain to a twenty-ninth edition and an issue of nearly a hundred thousand copies. This, however, is the happy lot of "Alden's Oxford Guide." Tastefully bound in cloth, with beautifully printed full-page plates, numerous engravings, and a coloured key-plan of the University and town, the little book should prove invaluable to visitors to the city on the banks of the Isis. It is published at a shilling.

At the Bisley Meeting this year a great attraction was the shooting in the Public Schools Matches. The lesser Public and Grammar Schools, which do not enter for the Ashburton Shield, had a new event to compete for—namely, "The Frankfort Shield." This very handsome solid silver Challenge Shield, of which we give an illustration, was won by the Grocers' Company School, their score being 463. The trophy is given in memory of the late Major-General Viscount Frankfort de Montmorency, who took the keenest interest in the training of boys and was Vice-President of the Lads' Drill Association. It is a beautiful piece of workmanship executed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W.



THE FRANKFORT SHIELD.

A very dainty and useful little book has just been published by the Great Northern Railway Company, giving full and valuable information respecting the Company's hotels, restaurant-trains, and general traffic arrangements. The object of the book is to indicate briefly a few of the principal places and districts of interest served by the Great Northern Railway.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 25.

THE MARKETS.

CONTINUED depression has marked the last few days, with further trouble in America, and rumours and unpleasant fears about even some large arbitrage houses here. All the failures in New York have been ordinary affairs so far, and, if the trouble ends there, so much the better, but undoubtedly grave fears exist as to one,



ETRUSCAN MINES: GOVETT SHAFT.

if not two, very large international houses, whose suspension would mean a new Baring Crisis. We can only hope that not a tenth of what one hears is true.

The one redeeming feature of a very gloomy situation is the hardening of Kaffirs upon the improved prospects of the labour market, and, if this question could be settled so that the supply of "boys" for the Rand were assured, we have every confidence that markets would improve. Last week, we said that Asiatic labour for the Transvaal was assured, and we believe that the result will justify our information.

INVESTMENT ADVICE.

The following letter, in answer to a request for advice made to his broker by a correspondent of ours, appears to us to be worth reproducing, not so much because we agree with every word of it, as that many people want a good rate of interest, with comparative safety, and the attention which the writer draws to two American Brewery Debentures may be of use. We may say that the value of the property mortgaged as security in the case of the two Companies mentioned has been confirmed by inquiries made by ourselves in various quarters.

London, August 1903.

DEAR SIR,—You asked me to consider some investments and submit for your consideration.

I do not know what interest you want, but, if 4 per cent., probably Southern Punjab Railway stock at about 98, or the Prior Lien Bonds of the Quebec Central Railway, would do well; still, I think you might not improbably do better by buying some Argentine or Mexican Railway securities, which would average you 5 per cent. and have a prospect of improving in value—say, Interoceanic of Mexico 5 per cent. Prior Lien Bonds at 102, Buenos Ayres and Rosario 7 per cent. Preference stock at 156. As a speculative purchase, I prefer the Ordinary stock at 83, or Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary at 134. Gas Light and Coke Ordinary at 86 is very cheap, and pays nearly 5 per cent. If you do not mind the uncalled liability of £12 10s. per share, I think Bank of Egypt shares cheap and good; or, among the English Banks, such as London and County, Capital and Counties, Union of London, &c., you can get 4½ per cent. for your money, with, in my opinion, comparatively little risk.

I should like to call your attention to the Debentures of the New York Breweries and the United States Brewing Company. In the first case there are £330,000 6 per cent. Debentures secured by mortgage on two freehold breweries in New York City; the profits even in the worst years have been enough to pay the Debenture interest several times over, and I am informed that the freehold sites are of such enormous value that, without any business, the land and buildings would fetch the Debenture money. The United States Brewing Company owns five breweries in Newark, Albany, and New York; the issue is £400,000 6 per cent. Debentures, and the profits, even in the worst years, have been three times the Debenture interest. The American vendors have recently bought a big block of shares and own three-fourths of the Preference and Ordinary capital, which ranks behind the Debentures. I believe that, in the case of the United States Brewing Company, the five brewery sites and buildings would, without the business, very nearly cover the Debenture money. The price of the New York Debentures is about 85, and of the United States Brewing about 94, so that, if you bought £500 of each, you would get nearly 6½ per cent. for your money, with, I believe, great comparative safety.

Trusting this letter may be of use to you for putting out the money you will get out of the Land Company, I am, yours very truly, —

AMONGST THE MINES.

While the Smelting speculation remains somewhat in abeyance, the West Australian Market again turns to Northern Blocks for its necessary spice of sensation. From the tissue of contradictory reports and conflicting information, it is very difficult indeed for the outsider to formulate a plan of action which shall turn out satisfactorily. The

worst part of it is that the bears seem always to get hold of the first and most correct information, but this is a feature which, of course, has long been one of the characteristics of the West Australian Market, from the days of the Lake View collapse onwards. Frankly, we hesitate to venture any advice in either direction with regard to Northern Blocks; rather would we suggest that the whole market should be left to the cliques which have dragged it into the disrepute that it now enjoys. Speculators must look elsewhere for a field of operations, and the lively movements in Etruscan Copper shares afford plenty of scope for rapid in-and-out dealings. The vivacity of Etruscans owes, perhaps, a good deal to the fierce discussions that rage round the merits of the mine, into which discussions it is not necessary for us to enter, our purpose being to point out the speculative attractions of the shares in consequence of their rapid movements in both directions. So far as the Kaffir Market is concerned, the labour difficulty still weighs heavily upon the shoulders of the market, and although we have little doubt, as mentioned above, that the solution of the problem by the introduction of Asiatic labour is only a matter of time, until that time comes it seems to us that Kaffirs must continue to stagnate in their present listless condition.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"This is no place for me," soliloquised our friend The Stroller, as he stood irresolute at the apex of the triangle by Austin Friars. "Who takes any interest in Stock Exchange matters in the Dog-days? I am sure I don't"; and he commenced to walk down Throgmorton Street almost briskly.

A little knot of House-men stood chatting at the main entrance to the Stock Exchange, and almost involuntarily The Stroller slowed down. One remark glued him to the spot—

"Same old story: Kaffirs always are to, and never do, come right."

"Patience, sonnie, patience!" a friend admonished him.

"Patience, forsooth!" quoth the first man, with fine scorn. "Patience is only another name for pay-differences, and I'm jolly well sick of both, I tell you!"

"It's too hot to get exasperated, my boy," drawled a lackadaisical individual. "You should drop Kaffirs and work up a little interest in cricket instead."

"Believe it would pay better," grunted the discontented one. "I never was what you'd call a bold speculator, and now—"

"You think there's more chance of your shining as a bowled batsman, eh?" And the lackadaisical one nearly received a delivery that would, on the tented field, have made a magnificent "yorker."

"Worst of it is, I don't see anything to make things better until the end of September," continued the bowler.

"If then," blandly suggested another bystander.

"Supposing they were to strike another Main Reef, people wouldn't begin to buy shares until they came back from their holidays," said the disconsolate one, vaguely.

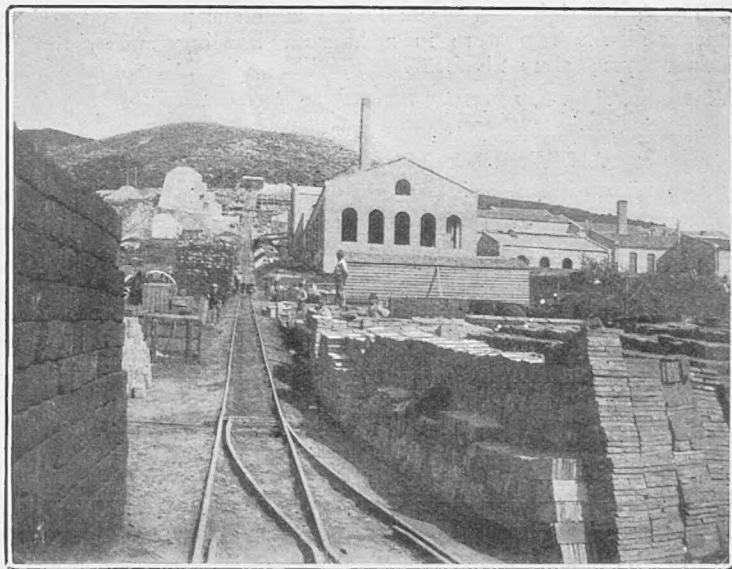
"Why on earth don't you sell a bear?" demanded a fourth, with some heat.

"Because I haven't the pluck, I suppose. Told you I wasn't a bold speculator, and there's no absolutely earthly why things should not improve as soon as the Chinese gets underground."

"Poor brute!" softly exclaimed The Stroller, surprised into making a remark.

The members of the group stared at him with some surprise, and our friend felt compelled to apologise, which he did somewhat shamefacedly, with a lame excuse. "After that," said he to himself, "I think I'd better move on."

"Rammines up or down, sir?" a policeman asked him as he walked away.



ETRUSCAN MINES: REDUCTION WORKS.

Photographs by Giovannardie, Piombino.

"Rand Mines?" repeated The Stroller, surprise covering his previous confusion. "Why in the world do you ask me that?"

"Beg pardon, sir," pursued the constable, confidentially. "But if Rammies are up we has to stop out here pretty late; and if they're down, the gents go 'ome early, and—"

"Oh, that's it, is it?" And The Stroller smiled. "I'm rather afraid I can't help you. Ask one of those gentlemen in there: he'll tell you." And off he went again.

"When prices are good, business is ditto; and when they are weak, the broker goes to the wall," he thought, with more than a grain of discernment. "Aha! Whom have we here? I was just thinking about you," and he shook hands cordially with his broker.

"For your own sake, I hope the thoughts were cool in this warm weather," laughed his agent. "For my own sake, I hope they weren't."

"It is useless to fish in shallow waters, as I've told you before," said The Stroller, shaking his head. "I was really going to consult you as to a trustee investment for about five hundred pounds. But if you are busy—," and he glanced at the tennis-racquet in his broker's hand.

"Business before tournaments," cried the House-man. "I'm really too old for such frivolity. Come along and have a drink; we can discuss it then."

The champagne foamed refreshingly on the counter as the pair looked at it from the vantage-ground of their high stools. They drank each other's healths in a Scotch toast that must not be transcribed.

"Well, why not South-Eastern 4 per cent. 1900 stock?" the Broker proposed. "It's a strictly Trust security, and pays as much as 3½ per cent. on the money."

"Isn't that what you call Dover Convertible?" inquired our friend.

"It used to be, but the option to convert has lapsed now, and the stock stands on its own, so to speak."

"I see. If you think it's safe, you might put five hundred into it for me."

"With pleasure. We are too late to do anything to-night; I'll send you the contract to-morrow."

The conversation shifted to other subjects; but when they rose, The Stroller said he would just like to peep at the Yankee Market. "It always has a fascination for me," he explained, semi-apologetically.

"Fortunately for us brokers, you are not the only one under the same influence." And the broker laughed again. "Come along with me."

"What's going on?" he asked a dealer, who was standing meditatively engaged in his jobbing-book.

"What's half of nine-seven-six?" the student demanded in reply.

"Get out! Tell me what's going on?"

"Oh, sorry!" exclaimed the dealer, upon seeing who it was.

"Well—er—Atch are rather better, and that fool over there is bidding for Steel Common."

"Why fool?" The Stroller gently insinuated.

"Because Steels are not worth twenty pence, much less the same number of dollars. And you'll see the price go to 12 as sure as a gun."

"I don't know," put in the broker.

"I do, though," declared the other. "When all this fancy support is withdrawn, the price will slump by dollars a-day."

"Moonshine!" and the broker spoke with conviction. "I've half a mind to buy my client some just out of sheer cussedness! Will you go joint in a few?" he asked our friend.

"Just for fun and a dollar profit, yes!" cried The Stroller.

"Good! That's the only way to deal in Yankees now!" And he bought the shares on the spot. "Now let's go and spend the profit in advance," and he proposed a little dinner in the West.

"How about the tennis? I don't want to spoil your tournament, you know."

"That's all right. A wire and the match is postponed. Come along," and the two were in a hansom bowling swiftly towards Leicester Square almost before The Stroller realised the situation.

Saturday, Aug. 8, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

NOVICE.—(1) We understand that the battery is now on the way out, and that the Company has money in hand. We, like you, are beginning to lose faith. (2) Stick to your Sons of Gwalia. (3) You had better hold Lloyd's Copper on the chance of a dividend within a reasonable time. (4) It is a good time to average Oceanas. (5) The tips of the outside touts are not worth following, and the Company you name is, we think, a swindle.

Z. S.—Your letter was wrongly addressed to the "City Editor"; it has been handed to the "Editor."

T. A.—The so-called Bank is a bill-of-sale money-lending-at-25-per-cent. sort of concern, and would not be good enough for our money.

O. H. C.—The P. and O. Pref. has come down with the general appreciation in the value of money and the consequent decline of investment stocks. The trouble over the employment of black labour on the Australian Line may have increased the fall a little. We think it is a very good Industrial risk, and you need not be afraid of your dividend. The two alternative investments do not appear to us any more free from risk. (See this week's "Notes.")

F. L. O.—Have nothing to do with the London and Paris people. We have sent you the name and address of a broker who will deal honestly with you. The Diamond shares are not a bad speculation.

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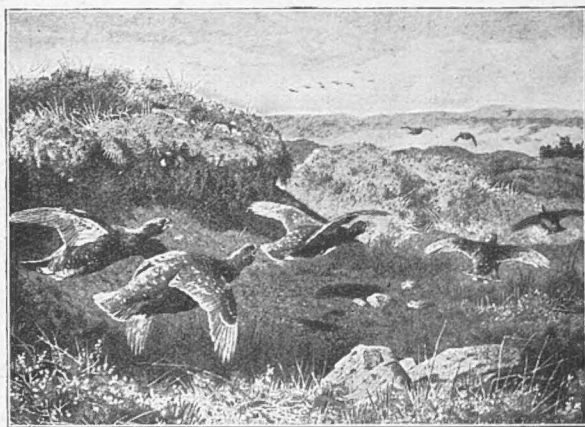
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